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Choice Temperance Recitations

TOGETHER WITH NINETY-NINE OTHER CHOICE

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

In this large collection of readings there will be found not only many of the best selections on temperance, suitable for delivery in Sunday Schools, clubs, literary societies, but also many other pieces of a humorous, pathetic, descriptive, patriotic and comic nature in poetry and prose and suitable for delivery on all occasions.

PUBLISHERS

THE HENNEBERRY COMPANY

CHICAGO

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PREFACE

The day will never come when the memorizing and reciting of poems and choice prose—efforts by our best writers and greatest orators—will cease to be popular with our American youth. It is a part of your inheritance to preserve the utterance of the men and women who have, by their voice and pen, done much to advance the spirit of patriotism—the chief characteristic of our American manhood and womanhood.

The art of oratory is best acquired by the committing and delivery of *approved* examples of speeches and poems, hence the aspirant for great oratorical skill should count no labor lost that requires much study and practice of what *others* have written and delivered. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Fox and Sheridan, as well as the great orators of antiquity, Demosthenes, Cicero, owed their wonderful elocutionary powers to this practice, and he who would emulate their success must be willing to pay the price thereof.

It is believed that not only teachers and pupils, but those young men and women who have gone out into the work-a-day world to battle with life's currents, will welcome this new series of speakers, a full contents of which may be found in the back of all of our publications.

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Choice Temperance Recitations and Readings.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare;
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near.
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wines and cakes."
The youth with guileless look replied,
"*I'll take what father takes.*"

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict deep and strong
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
  Then gazed upon the wine,
Oh God! he thought, were he to taste,
  Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall,
  The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
  Bestow a curse this day?

No; heaven forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
  Bright water unto me.
My son will take what father takes:
  My drink shall water be."

W. Hoyle.

THE RUMSELLER'S SONG.

The rumseller sat in his den alone,
Singing his thoughts in an undertone.
Shrouded in silence, his work was done,
Since the rise and set of the daily sun.
He had squared his books; he had counted his gains;
Then he startled the night with his spirit-strains;
And he sang, as he hoarded his wages of sin:
"I gather them in! I gather them in!
Gather! gather! gather!
I gather them in!"

"The old, with their thin and frosty hair,
The young, with ringlets dark and fair,
The smiling bridegroom and the bride,
The brother and sister, side by side,
Captive and bound in the toils I spread,
On to their doom my victims tread,—
Stranger and neighbor, alien, kin,
I gather them in! I gather them in!
Gather! gather! gather!
I gather them in!

"The statesman, the orator, learned and proud,
The tramp, in the rags of the dirty crowd,
The toiler on land, the child of the sea,
By thousands and thousands come trooping to me!
In the golden ray of the morning light,
In the darkness, and stillness, and dead of night,
From the desert waste, from the city's din,
I gather them in! I gather them in!
Gather! gather! gather!
I gather them in!

"Through all ages of time, through all regions of space,
I trade in the blood of the human race!
My license to kill is all free from a flaw,
For the votes of good Christians enacted the law!
The ballots of party I hold in my hand,
And the leaders are hacks to obey my command!"
So the rumseller sang o'er his wages of sin:
"I gather them in! I gather them in!
Gather! gather! gather!
I gather them in!"

REV. C. W. DENISON.

THE WIDOW AND HER ONLY CHILD.

A widow, crazed by grief, bent o'er
The frail form of her dying baby boy.
For years he had been the only tie
That held her to this earth.
For four years she had watched him grow in wondrous beauty;
For four years he had been to her
The only streak of sunshine on her lonely path.
His little winning ways, his prattle sweet, his beatific loveliness,
Had been to her a daily feast;
And now he lay before her dying.

"He shall not die!" she cried, in bitter agony;
"I will not let him go! How can I live without him?
Can God be so unjust, to take my pet,
When he is all I have to live for?"
"Rebellious mother!" cried a soft, low voice;
And looking up, she saw a white-winged angel gazing compassionately upon her.
"Rebellious mother!" repeated the angel,
"Christ wants your baby-boy, and has sent me
To bear it to His fold."

"Away! away!" exclaimed the mother, in agony extreme;
"You are no angel, but a fiend!
You shall not have my boy!
He is my darling pet! my life, my all, my only one!
His heart-strings interlace my own!
I *will not* give him up!"
And in her frantic sorrow she caught the dying babe to her embrace and kissed it eagerly.
"Obdurate and unreasoning mother!" returned the angel, in a tone of heavenly pity.

"My Master whispers me the babe shall live,
But much I fear you will regret it!"
"Thank God!" the mother cried, in blissful ecstasy;
"My boy shall live! The cold grave shall not hide him! Thank God!"
And again and again she kissed her darling,
Murmuring the while, "Thank God! thank God!"

The angel vanished, and the mother held her treasure to her bosom.
In time the rosy hue of health
Again dwelt on his cheek—
His eyes grew lustrous and his limbs grew strong,
And the music of his voice was to his mother sweetest melody.
She was happy—oh, so happy—until he grew to man's estate;
And then a somber cloud obscured
The bright horizon of her joy.
The man, unlike the boy, was morbid and morose;
He had gone out into the great world,
And mingled with the motley multitude.
The good and bad were both before him,
And he chose the latter.
The brand of sin was on his brow—
He went from bad to worse,
Till in his mad career he steeped his hands in human gore,
Was caught, condemned, and sentenced to the scaffold.

Then the fond mother's heart was torn with grief—
A grief ten thousand times more terrible
Than that she felt when he was like to die in infancy.
And falling on her knees, with hands clasped and streaming eyes,
She cried, in agony: "Oh, that he had died when pure and innocent!
My boy—my only son—to die a felon's death!
Oh, God! oh, God! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

In her agony she woke, for she had only fallen asleep
While watching her sick child,
And, kneeling beside her dying babe, she cried,
In true humility and entire trust:
"It is the Lord! Let Him do what seemeth to Him best!"
And the infant died, and was carried
By the white-robed angel to the arms of Christ,
And the sorrowing mother exclaimed:
"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" *Francis S. Smith.*

BUDD'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

It was Christmas-time, as all the world knew;
It stormed without, and the cold wind blew,
But within all was cheerful, snug, and bright,
With glowing fires and many a light.

Budd B. was sent quite early to bed,
His stocking was hung up close to his head,
And he said to himself, "When all grows still
I will find a big stocking for Santy to fill."

Now, good, honest Hans, who worked at the house,
Had gone to his bed as still as a mouse;
The room where he slept was one story higher
Than Budd's little room, with gaslight and fire.

Now, Hans loved "the poy," and petted him too,
And often at night, when his task was all through,
He would tell him strange stories of over the sea,
While Budd listened gravely or laughed out in glee.

This night Hans had promised to wake Budd at four;
He would come softly down and open his door;
But suddenly Budd bounded out of his bed,
And stole softly up to the room overhead.

On his hands and his knees he crept softly in;
"I'll borrow Hans' stocking," he said, with a grin;
"Old Santy will fill it up to the top,
And Hans—oh, such fun!—will be mad as a hop."

He moved very slowly, and felt near the bed;
No stocking was there, but down on his head
Came a deluge of water, well sprinkled with ice,
While honest Hans held him as if in a vice.

"Vat ish dat?" he cried out; "von robber I find,
Den I pound him, and shake him, so much as I mind."
"It's me," called out Budd; "stop, Hans! oh, please do;
I am only a boy; I could not rob you."

But Hans did not pause—his temper was hot—
And he dragged the young robber at once from the spot.
When he reached the light hall great was his surprise
To find his young master with tears in his eyes.

"I wanted your stocking," muttered Budd B.;
"It is bigger than mine; boo hoo! I can't see,
And I'm all wet and cold," thus Budd cried aloud,
Until guests and his parents ran up in a crowd.

He was wrapped up with care and taken to bed,
But, strangest of all, not a harsh word was said.
He flattered himself as he fell fast asleep
That Hans and his friends the secret would keep.

Next morning, when Christmas songs filled all the air,
Budd found, to his grief and boyish despair,
That his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head,
And must spend the whole day alone in his bed.

What was worse, his own stocking hung limp on a chair,
And on it these words in writing most fair:
"*To him who is greedy I leave less than all;*
The world is so large and my reindeer so small.

"*My pack is elastic when children are kind,*
But it shuts with a snap and leaves nothing behind
When a boy or a girl is selfish or mean.
Good-by, little Budd, I am off with my team.
(Signed) "*Santa Claus.*"

SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

Slimmer was going to Reading the other day, and when he reached the depot he happened to look into the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she immediately rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, dumfounded, but ere he could find utterance for his feelings she exclaimed:

"Oh, Henry! dear Henry, we are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?" And she looked into Slimmer's face and clung to him and smiled through her tears.

"If I am the person alluded to as 'Henry,' permit me to say that you have make a mistake. My name is Lemuel; I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't know a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat; it excites remark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said: "Oh, Henry, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend that you are not my husband?"

"Madam," screamed Slimmer, "if you don't cease sopping my shirt bosom and remove your umbrella from my corns, I shall be compelled to call the police. Let me go, I say."

"The children are here," she persisted; "they recognize their father—don't you children?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's our dear pa." And then they grappled Slimmer by the trousers legs and hung to his coat tail.

"Woman," he shrieked, "this is getting serious. Unhand me, I say." And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace, while all the brakemen and the baggage-master said his conduct was infamous.

In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet-bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer, and, when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms, he became excited and floored Slimmer with the carpet-bag, and sat on him and smote his nose and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed home on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife in a cab. His wife made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being on earth.

THE DYING NEWSBOY.

In an attic bare and cheerless, Jim, the newsboy, dying lay,
On a rough but clean straw pallet, at the fading of the day;
Scant the furniture about him, but bright flowers were in the room,
Crimson phloxes, waxen lilies, roses laden with perfume.
On a table by the bedside, open at a well-worn page,
Where the mother had been reading, lay a Bible stained by age.
Now he could not hear the verses; he was flighty, and she wept,
With her arms around her youngest, who close to her side had crept.

Blacking boots and selling papers, in all weathers day by day,
Brought upon poor Jim consumption, which was eating life away.
And this cry came with his anguish, for each breath a struggle cost,
"'Ere's the morning *Sun* and '*Erald*—latest news of steamship lost.
Papers, mister? Morning papers?" Then the cry fell to a moan,
Which was changed a moment later to another frenzied tone:
"Black yer boots, sir? Just a nickel! Shine 'em like an even-star.
It grows late, Jack! Night is coming. Evening papers, here they are!"

Soon a mission teacher entered, and approached the humble bed;
Then poor Jim's mind cleared an instant, with his cool hand on his head.
"Teacher," cried he, "I remember what you said the other day;
Ma's been reading of the Saviour, and through Him I see my way.
He is with me! Jack, I charge you of our mother take good care
When Jim's gone! Hark! boots or papers, which will I be over there?
Black yer boots, sir? Shine 'em right up! Papers! Read God's book instead,
Better'n papers that to die on! Jack——" one gasp, and Jim was dead!

Floating from that attic chamber came the teacher's voice in prayer,
And it soothed the bitter sorrow of the mourners kneeling there.
He commended them to Heaven, while the tears rolled down his face,
Thanking God that Jim had listened to sweet words of peace and grace,
Ever 'mid the want and squalor of the wretched and the poor,
Kind hearts find a ready welcome, and an always open door,
For the sick are in strange places, mourning hearts are everywhere,
And such need the voice of kindness, need sweet sympathy and prayer.

Mrs. Emily Thornton.

DROP AND BE HANGED.

A passenger going west from Detroit by rail the other day had a pass to Chicago. When the conductor took it up he asked several questions to satisfy himself that the pass had not been transferred, and the holder of the pasteboard didn't take it as good-naturedly as some men would! He didn't have much to say, but he was determined on revenge. As soon as the conductor left the car the man changed seats, removed his linen duster, took off his hat, and looked like a different person altogether. After the train left the next station the conductor came along with an eye out for new passengers, and presently reached out for the holder of the pass.

"I haven't got any ticket," was the surly answer.

"Then you must pay your fare."

"I won't do it!"

"See here," said the conductor, as he began to wake up, "you must either pay your fare or produce a ticket. If not, I'll drop you on the road!"

"Drop and be hanged!"

The train was not stopped, but after a run of ten minutes it reached the station, and arrangements were made for bouncing the man. When all was complete he showed his pass.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a pass?" roared the conductor.

"Why didn't you ask me?" shouted the traveler.

"Well, I don't like such fooling."

"Nor I, either."

The train went on, and the man put on his duster, traded hats with a passenger, and again looked like some one else. He changed his seat to the front end of the car, and was seemingly sound asleep when the conductor again had occasion to pass through. He took two fares and then held out his hand to the traveler. There was no response. He shook the sleeper gently, but the latter slept on. Then shook him good and stout, and called "Ticket!" in his ear.

"How dare you shake me around in this manner?" shouted the man, as he awoke and stood up.

"Ticket, please."

"But I don't please! How dare you come to me every time the train leaves the station?"

The conductor looked down the aisle, thought he saw the man with the pass in his seat, and said to the other:

"Come, sir, don't bother me. I want your ticket!"

"You can't have it."

"Then I'll put you off!"

He reached for the bell-rope, but, seeing a general grin all around the car, he stopped and looked more closely at the man, and recognized him as the one with the pass. He went out without a word, and when he returned, half an hour later, he expected another trap. He looked carefully over the car, and was going slowly along in search of new faces, when a man with his coat off, and under the influence of liquor, called out:

"Shay, captain, I hain't got any ticket!"

"Ah! you can't beat me again—knew you as soon as I entered the car!" chuckled the official, and he walked on with a broad grin on his face.

It was not until he saw the shirt-sleeved man get off at the next station that he knew he had been mistaken again, and had let him travel for nothing, while the man with the pass was in the smoking-car.

THE SPECKLED HEN.

Dear brother Ben, I take my pen
To tell you where, and how, and when,
I found the nest of our speckled hen.
She never would lay in a sensible way,
Like other hens, in the barn on the hay;
But here and there and everywhere,
On the stable-floor, and the wood-house stair,
And once on the ground her eggs I found.
But yesterday I ran away,
With mother's leave, in the barn to play.
The sun shone bright on the seedy floor,
And the doves so white were a pretty sight
As they walked in and out of the open door,
With their little red feet and their feathers neat,
Cooing and cooing more and more.
Well, I went out to look about
On the platform wide, where side by side
I could see the pig-pens in their pride;
And beyond them both, on a narrow shelf,
I saw the speckled hen hide herself
Behind a pile of hoes and rakes
And pieces of boards and broken stakes.
"Ah ha! old hen, I have found you now,
But to reach your nest I don't know how,
Unless I could creep or climb or crawl
Along the edge of the pig-pen wall."
And while I stood in a thoughtful mood,
The speckled hen cackled as loud as she could,
And flew away, as much as to say,
"For once my treasure is out of your way."
I didn't wait a moment then;
I couldn't be conquered by that old hen!
But along the edge of the slippery ledge
I carefully crept, for the great pigs slept,
And I dared not even look to see
If they were thinking of eating me.
But all at once, oh, what a dunce!
I dropped my basket into the pen,
The one you gave me, brother Ben;
There were two eggs in it, by the way,
That I found in the manger under the hay.
Then the pigs got up and ran about
With a noise between a grunt and a shout.
And when I saw them rooting, rooting,
Of course I slipped and lost my footing,

And tripped, and jumped, and finally fell
Right down among the pigs pell-mell.
For once in my life I was afraid;
For the door that led out into the shed
Was fastened tight with an iron hook,
And father was down in the fields by the brook,
Hoeing and weeding his rows of corn,
And here was his Polly, so scared and forlorn.
But I called him, and called him, as loud as I could.
I knew he would hear me—he must and he should—
"O father! O father! (Get out, you old pig).
O father! oh! oh!" for their mouths are so big.
Then I waited a minute and called him again,
"O father, O father, I am in the pig-pen!"
And father did hear, and he threw down his hoe,
And scampered as fast as a father could go.
The pigs had pushed me close to the wall.
And munched my basket, eggs and all,
And chewed my sun-bonnet into a ball.
And one had rubbed his muddy nose
All over my apron, clean and white;
And they sniffed at me, and stepped on my toes,
But hadn't taken the smallest bite,
When father opened the door at last,
And oh, in his arms he held me fast.

E. W. Denison.

A LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN.

He's covered with dirt and with grime ,
  His clothes, and his face, hands and feet,
Betoken that he is, in truth,
  An out-and-out boy of the street.
He's ready for frolic and fun,
  For sports that are manly and free;
For deeds that are noble and good,
  No boy is more ready than he.

A seat in the parlor he shuns;
  And oh! what a wigglesome guest
Is he, when compelled to remain
  Dressed up in his Sundayfied best!
He'd much rather be out of doors,
  And, had he his choice, he would fain
Go off with a gipsyish band,
  Or with Indians scour the plain.

He minds not a pretty hard scratch,
Nor weeps at a serious hurt,
And the blushing or blanching of cheek
Is hid 'neath a coating of dirt.
His eyes, like twin lakes, glisten out,
Though in mountains of mud ensphered,
And manly the heart that's behind
The coat with molasses well smeared.

True beauty is more than skin deep,
And dirt lying thick on the skin
Can harm not the beautiful soul
That lieth all purely within.
And, spite of his mischievous ways,
That boy is our pride and our hope,
Who has not a stain on his hand
That cannot be washed off with soap.

You meet him when out on the street,
His coat and his manners are rough,
He's covered with dirt, but his heart
Is made of reliable stuff.
To-day he is only a boy,
Delighting in mischief and sport;
To-morrow, you'll find him a man,
And one of the manliest sort!

So, don't let's be hard on him now,
And drive him away to the bad
Because he just happens to be
A natural, genuine lad;
But, rather in frolic and fun,
Allow him the length of the rope,
And patiently wait till he takes
More kindly to water and soap.

Josephine Pollard.

CUTTING A BOY'S HAIR.

There is no use in fooling around about it. When a boy's hair has become long and bleached and scraggy and full of burrs and feathers it is time to cut, and the inevitable must be faced.

The boy doesn't want it cut, of course. No one ever had a speaking acquaintance with a boy who thought the time had arrived when he could part with enough hair to stuff a sofa pillow. They must be coerced, and kind words and broad promises are thrown away. Coercion is the only method.

I let my boy run about so long, and then when I get a spare

half day I play barber. There is no appeal from my decision. When I come out flat-footed I carry my point or die trying.

"Young man you can get ready to have your hair cut."

"Next week?"

"No, sir—now!"

"With a buzz saw?"

"Yes, if the shears won't do it."

"Won't you draw blood?"

"I may have to."

"If you won't cut my hair, I'll bring in 'nuff wood and coal to last all winter, and I won't ask for a light when I go to bed."

"Come out here and make ready!"

I never take any chances on a boy. I have an old chair bolted to the floor, and then I bolt the boy to the chair. I fix him so that he can move neither hand nor foot, put a soft gag in his mouth to prevent a neighborhood alarm, and begin work. The first step toward cutting a boy's hair is to put in ten minutes' hard work with a curry comb. If he hasn't been running around loose over two or three years this tool will be found sufficient to rake out the snarls, buttons, and articles previously mentioned. A basket is placed behind the chair for them to drop into, and they can be decorated with fancy pictures and made to serve as parlor ornaments.

When a boy's head is ready for the shears brace your feet and shear away. Shear front, back, top, and sides without reference to lines or angles. The object is to remove the hair. There is no use of any conversation, not even when the shears find a piece of wire and refuse to cut it. The boy wouldn't know how it got there if you asked him. He has had his head in closets, cellars, garrets, barns, fence corners, barrels, boxes, and all sorts of nooks, and such extra attachments are no surprise to him.

No one should be less than half an hour robbing an average boy of his capillary substance. Any attempt to hurry the job will result in overlooking a lot of shingle nails, the missing screw-driver, or something may damage his Sunday hat. My average is thirty-five minutes, and I have only two minutes left after being able to see that he has a scalp. It then takes an additional ten minutes to look him over and identify him as the same boy I began on. His neck has grown longer, the size of his ears increased, and the whole shape of the head is altered. When I feel sure it is my boy, and not the son of some neighbor who has skulked in on me, I brush him off with an old broom, crack his head three or four times, draw the bolts and remove the gag, and then hold the door open for him to shoot into the back yard. I am a loving father in all else, but when I cut a boy's hair I am a stern old Roman of the first water. *Detroit Free Press.*

LAWYER GREEN.

Within a village, quaint and old,
So runs the tale as I've been told,
Full five-and-twenty years ago,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow,
There dwelt a boy whose name was Green;
And green he was, as e'er was seen.

An awkward fellow. In his school
The teachers often called him fool;
The big boys, too, with many a jeer,
Unmindful of the starting tear
Or look of sadness, more than once
Had said he was a stupid dunce.

And so, although endowed with brains,
He had his labor for his pains.
Arithmetic he feared the most;
Though other boys would talk and boast,
His shortest rules he could not say,
Although he studied night and day.

The maidens on the village square
Met him with haughty brow and air.
Save one, the rich man's pride and joy,
Who pitied the poor orphan boy;
Who helped him what 'twas in her power,
And made him many a pleasant hour.

A sprightly maid, with eyes of blue,
Filled with a dreamlight warm and true;
With golden curls around her face,
And movements full of calm, sweet grace;
Her step, as light as e'er was seen,
Showed her at once both maid and queen.

'Twas one bright day—the last Green staid—
A message at his door was laid;
The news went around the town next day
The *fool* and *dunce* had gone away;
And no one seemed to know the place
Where he had gone in such wild haste.

The years went by and times were changed,
Old scenes and friends alike estranged;
The scholars scattered wide and far,
On ocean wave or whirling car.
'Twas fifteen years that very day
Since poor young Green had gone away.

A famous lawsuit long had stood
'Twixt Solon Sly and Joseph Wood.
When Solon couldn't "hold the fort,"
He sent it to a higher court,
And there, of wondrous power and fame,
He met a lawyer, *Green* by name.

One day 'twas told him by a friend
His famous suit was at an end,
And from the court-room proud he marched,
While bright the sky above him arched,
With cheerful brow and smiling face,
For Solon Sly had won the case.

"How shall I ever you repay?"
Said Solon to his lawyer, "Say!"
The lawyer made reply at once,
"Since in the past you called me dunce,
Now to your business close attend
In future years, and call me friend."

Poor Solon Sly stood there amazed,
And at the lawyer wondering gazed.
"Ye ain't that boy that in our school
We fellers used to call a fool?"
With merry twinkle in his eye,
The lawyer said, "The same, friend Sly."

Soon in that town, as one might know,
The folks all said, "I told you so!"
While every maiden from her heart
Declared she'd always thought him smart,
And each determined, joy or strife,
She'd be that handsome lawyer's wife.

But in that village, fair and true,
There dwelt a maid with eyes of blue;
In years gone by, as all have seen,
'Twas she who helped that awkward Green.
And now, when he was rich and great,
He found her in a humble state.

One day, ere many weeks went by,
He called to see friend Solon Sly.
The joy and pride of all his life
He brought with him, his own dear wife;
And when folks thought "how strange" 'twas so,
He said, "She helped me years ago."

Marie L. Tenney.

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

An unknown Union soldier was found dead upon the field of Gettysburg, with an ambrotype containing the portraits of three children in his hand. The incident was published, and photographic copies of the picture made; one of which ultimately reached the family of the soldier, who was thus identified as Sergeant Amos Humiston, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers.

The Soldier's Prayer.

'Twas on the field of Gettysburg,
With war's wild havoc spread;
With steeds and riders, friends and foes,
The dying and the dead,
Where many a dauntless spirit fell,
To yield life's latest trust,
Where many a lofty form, brought low,
Was marred with blood and dust.

The flaming fray swept fiercely on,
The tumult passed away,
And, all unheeded, with the dead
A wounded soldier lay;
Exhausted, waning life revealed
In every shortening breath,
Without one comrade, left to die,
He was alone with death!

Then slowly, with a trembling hand,
From out his bloody vest,
He drew a casket, which had lain
Upon his mangled breast,
From whence three little faces beamed,
In childhood's loving light,
And there, amid the gathering gloom,
He fixed his fading sight.

He pressed the picture to his lips,
And breathed a fervent prayer
That God would make his lonely wife
And little ones His care;
And, though no human help was nigh,
Some messenger provide,
To bear to them his parting love,
And tell them how he died.

His strength failed faster, but there came
A shout along the field;
And, answering from the distant lines,
The trump of victory pealed.

He saw the patriot host advance
Where treason found a grave;
And, over all, the Stars and Stripes
In triumph proudly wave!

"Thank God!—we die, but Freedom lives!"
In earnest tones, he said.
He raised his blue cap in the air,
Above his drooping head;
Again he blessed his cherished ones—
A shudder and a sigh—
And one more patriot martyr's name
Was registered on high.

* * * * * * * *

Far from the field of Gettysburg
An humble cottage stood,
And there a stricken woman pined
In dreary widowhood.
A mother, with her children left
In sad suspense to yearn
For one departed long before,
Who never would return.

For many a weary month she sought
Some tidings of his fate,
And, with the children, wandered forth
To watch, and weep, and wait.
But fruitless seemed the widow's trust,
And vain the orphan's prayer;
Doubt slowly turned to certainty,
And hope became despair.

But God, whose aid is ever near,
Whose love is over all—
Who, in His kindly vigil, bends
To note the sparrow's fall—
Had listened to the soldier's prayer,
And marked his latest sigh;
Had treasured up the widow's tears,
And heard the orphans' cry.

The precious picture which had lain
Upon the soldier's breast,
Preserved by Providential care,
Fulfilled his last request.
That token to his weeping wife
And little ones supplied
Assurance of his parting love,
And told them how he died.

Francis de Haes Janvier.

MR. PERKINS AT THE DENTIST'S.

I think I must have caught cold by injudiciously sleeping on the floor during the period the house was being rinsed out. I had so much room that I must have become careless in the night, and got to trifling with the draught from a door. As I am a little bald the effect was disastrous. Through the day I felt a little stiff about the shoulders, with a sensation between the eyes as if I had been trying to inhale some putty.

I observed to Maria (Mrs. Perkins' name is Maria), that I had caught a bad cold, and would probably regret it in time. But she treated the matter lightly by remarking that I had "caught my granny." As that estimable lady has been dead thirteen years, the reference to my catching her, with such a start in her favor, was of course a joke. Not a joke to be laughed at, I don't mean, but one to carry around with you, to draw out once in a while to blow on—a sort of intellectual handkerchief.

When I went to bed that night, I apprehended trouble. Along one jaw, the left one, occasionally capered a grumbling sensation. It kept me awake an hour or so trying to determine whether that was all there was of it, or whether there was something to come after which would need my wakeful presence to contend against. Thus pondering I fell asleep, and forgot all about the trouble. I don't know how long I slept, but I fell to dreaming that I had made a match of fifty dollars a side to fight a cross-cut saw in a steam mill, and was well to work on the job, when the saw got my head between its teeth. I thought this was a favorable time to wake up, and I did so. It immediately transpired that I might better have stayed where I was, and taken my chances with the saw.

I found myself sitting straight up in bed with one hand spasmodically grasping my jaw, and the other swaying to and fro without any apparently definite purpose.

It was an awful pain. It shot around like a dog which had been cruelly camphened. It bored like lightning through the basement of my jaw, darted across the roof of my mouth, and then ran lengthwise of the teeth. If every flying pang had been a drunken plow chased by a demon across a stump lot, I think the observer would understand my condition. I could no more get hold of the fearful agony that was cavorting around in me, than I could pick up a piece of wet soap when in a hurry.

Suddenly it stopped. It went off all at once, giving me a parting kick that fairly made me howl.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" said a voice from one corner of the room.

I looked out into the dark, astonished.

"Maria, is that you?" said I.

"What there is left of me," was the curt reply, followed by a fumbling about the mantel.

Presently a light was struck and Mrs. Perkins appeared before me. She had on short-top clothes. Her hair stuck up in all directions. Her nose was very red, and her eyes were expanded to their fullest capacity.

"Well, I declare, Cyrus Davidson, if *this* hasn't been a night of it! What in the name of mercy is the matter with you? Are you gone clean crazy, or have you sat on a pin? For one whole hour you have been cavorting around on that bed, groaning like a dead man, and flopping your bony arms in all directions. I was literally knocked out of bed, and here I have been doubled up in a corner, the very life frightened out of me, and wondering whether you were going to set fire to the house, or bust out my brains with a hatchet. If you have got through with your contortions I'll come to bed, and try to get a wink of sleep."

I had got through, there was no doubt of it, and felt, in the relief I experienced, that it would be a comparatively easy matter to forgive Mrs. Perkins the suspicions of her alarm; as for braining her with a hatchet, I never thought of it. We haven't got one.

I thought I was rid of the teeth ache, but a grumbling set in again next morning. It was just like the feeling of the night before, and a still voice said to me: "Look out, Perkins."

I did. I went right away to the dentist who had pulled the teeth of our family and knew our peculiarities. There was an uneasy smell about his office. It was very suggestive of trouble, and as I snuffed it in I experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at him and sickly smiled. He was never, even on a holiday, the handsomest of men, but now his appearance was very, very depressing. He looked like a corpse with a lighted candle inside of it.

I told him what was the matter with me, how that I had been up all night with a four-story pain, how my wife had been thrown out of bed by the violence of my suffering, how——

He asked me if I wouldn't sit down. I sat down on what was once a hogshead but was now cut down and newly carpeted. He held back my head, opened my mouth, and went to fishing around inside with a piece of watch spring.

And while he angled he conversed. He said:

"You have caught a cold."

"I have."

"It seems the trouble is with one of the bicuspids," he remarked.

Of course I didn't know what a bicuspid was, but thought it

wouldn't look well in the head of a family being stuck with so short a word as that, and so I asked, with some vigor:

"Which one?"

"The tumorous" he said.

"I am glad it ain't any worse," I replied, throwing in a sigh of relief.

"The frontal bone," he went on to say, "is not seriously affected. The submaxillary gland is somewhat enlarged, but it does not necessarily follow that parotitis will ensue."

"I am proud to hear that," said I, which I certainly was, although if the parotitis had ensued it isn't at all likely I should have minded it much, unless it was something that would spill, and I was dressed up.

He kept on talking and angling.

"The œsophagus isn't loose," he next remarked.

"Ah!" said I, winking at him.

"Oh, no; the ligaments are quite firm. I might say——"

"Murder! fire!" I shouted, in bewilderment.

"Did it hurt you?" he asked, looking as calm and cool as the lid of an ice-cream freezer.

"Hurt me? Great Heavens! did you expect to split me open with a watch spring, and not have it hurt me? What was the matter—did you slip?"

"Certainly not," he said; "I was simply getting hold of the tooth. Just hold your head back an instant, and I will have it out at once."

"I guess I won't try it again," said I, with a shiver. "The toothache is bad enough, but it is heaven alongside of that watch spring. You may come up some time and pull it out when I ain't at home. I think I could endure the operation with necessary calmness if I was off about eight blocks. Come up when you can."

And I left. I hope he will come. I am boiling some pure spring water for him. *Danbury News.*

WHAT STRONG DRINKS WILL DO.

I knew a man who was startled with a face peering out at him from the wall; he went to it and wiped it out, and stood back again, and still it was there; he went up to it again and wiped it out, and stood back—it was there yet. His very hair seemed to stand with horror as he went up to it, and with a terrible blow of his fist struck the wall and left it marked with blood. He stood back again—it was there; he went and beat, and beat, and beat, till he had broken the bones of his hand with beating out that which was palpable to him; and yet he was conscious, and

the consciousness thrilled through his frame with horror, that it was but a phantom of his imagination.

Let a man suffer that six days and six nights; let a physician sit by his side, and tell him, "Now, sir, if you drink again you will suffer it again." "But, doctor, I will never drink again; doctor, the thought is too horrible. I shall never suffer it, for I will never take drink again." And once more healthy blood courses in that man's veins, in the emphatic language of Scripture, he "seeks it yet again;" and again he is brought down, again he endures it all, and again the physician sits by his side. "You remember that which I told you?" "Yes." "If you drink again you will have it again, and do not send for me, for you will die; your constitution will never endure another such struggle; you will die." "Doctor, I will never drink it again." And yet he rises from his couch of agony, "seeks it yet again," and again he is brought down; and his poor, shrieking spirit flies in disgust into eternity from the loathsome carcass that he has made of the glorious body "so fearfully and wonderfully made" by his God. He knew all the way along it must be so. Such is the terrible slavery of intemperance.— *John B. Gough.*

THE FIREMAN.

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep,
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow.
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side.
'Tis a summer eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! Oh, horror! What a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis "FIRE! FIRE!" She wakes to dream no more!
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door!
The dim smoke eddies round; and hark! that cry!

"HELP! HELP! *Will no one aid? I die—I die!*"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height,
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar exulting, as they seize their prey.
"*Help!* HELP! Will no one come?" She says no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled—when all but he would fly,
The *fireman* comes to rescue or to die!
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room—flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door, he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.

The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath,
The falling timbers menace him with death,
The sinking floors his hurried steps betray,
And ruin crashes round his desperate way;
Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise—
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize.
He leaps from burning stair to stair. *On! On!*
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!

THE WRONG WOMAN.

Judge Pitman is one of the directors of the public schools. Last fall the board advertised for a female teacher, with instructions for applicants to call upon the judge. A day or two afterward Mrs. Pitman advertised for a cook, and on that afternoon an Irish girl called at the house to obtain the place. The judge was at the porch at the time, and when she entered he mistook her for a school-mistress, and said to her:

"Did you come about that place?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Oh, very well, then; take a seat and I'll run over a few things in order to ascertain what your qualifications are. Bound Africa."

"If you please, sir, I don't know what you mean."

"I say bound Africa."

"Bou—bou—begorra I don't know what ye're referrin' to."

"Very strange," said the judge. "Can you tell me if 'amphibious' is an adverb or a preposition? What is an adverb?"

"Indeed and you bother me entirely. I never had anything to do with such things at my last place."

"Then it must have been a curious sort of an institution,"

said the judge. "Probably you can tell me how to conjugate the verb 'to be,' and just mention also what you know about Herodotus."

"Ah, your honor's jokin' wid me. Be done wid your fun now."

"Did you ever hear of Herodotus?"

"Never once in the whole coorse of my life. Do you make it with eggs?"

"This is the most extraordinary woman I ever encountered," murmured the judge. "How she ever associated Herodotus with the idea of eggs is simply incomprehensible. Well, can you name the hemisphere in which China and Japan are situated?"

"Don't bother me with your fun now. I can wash the China and the pans as well as anybody, and that's enough, now isn't it?"

"Dumb! awful dumb! Don't know the country from the crockery. I'll try her once more. Name the limits of the Tropic of Capricorn, and tell me where Asia Minor is located."

"I have a brother that's one, sir; that's all I know about it."

"One? One what?"

"Didn't you ask me afther the miners, sir. My brother Teddy works wid 'em."

"And this," said the judge, "is the kind of person to whom we are asked to intrust the education of youth. Woman, what *do* you know? What kind of a school have you been teaching?"

"None, sir. What should I teach school for?"

"Totally without experience, as I supposed," said the judge.

"Mrs. Ferguson had a governess to teach the children when I was cookin' for her."

"Cooking! Ain't you a school-teacher? What do you mean by proposing to stop cooking in order to teach school? Why, it's preposterous."

"Begorra I came here to get the cook's place, sir, and that's all of it."

"Oh, by George! I see now. You ain't a candidate for the grammar school after all. You want to see Mrs. Pitman. Maria, come down here a minute. There's a thick-headed immigrant here wants to cook for you."

And the judge picked up his paper and resumed the editorial on "The Impending Crisis." *Max Adeler.*

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Most children have seen a Christmas tree, and many know that the pretty and pleasant custom of hanging gifts on its boughs comes from Germany; but perhaps few have heard or read the

story that is told to little German children, respecting the origin of this custom. The story is called the "The Little Stranger," and runs thus:

In a small cottage on the borders of a forest lived a poor laborer, who gained a scanty living by cutting wood. He had a wife and two children who helped him in his work. The boy's name was Valentine, and the girl was called Mary. They were obedient, good children, and a great comfort to their parents. One winter evening, this happy little family were sitting quietly round the hearth, the snow and the wind raging outside, while they ate their supper of dry bread, when a gentle tap was heard on the window, and a childish voice cried from without: "Oh, let me in, pray! I am a poor little child, with nothing to eat and no home to go to, and I shall die of cold and hunger unless you let me in."

Valentine and Mary jumped up from the table and ran to open the door, saying: "Come in, poor little child! We have not much to give you, but whatever we have we will share with you."

The stranger-child came in and warmed his frozen hands and feet at the fire, and the children gave him the best they had to eat, saying: "You must be tired, too, poor child! Lie down on our bed; we can sleep on the bench for one night."

Then said the little stranger-child: "Thank God for all your kindness to me!"

So they took their little guest into their sleeping-room, laid him on the bed, covered him over, and said to each other: "How thankful we ought to be! We have warm rooms and a cozy bed, while this poor child has only heaven for his roof and the cold earth for his sleeping-place."

When their father and mother went to bed, Mary and Valentine lay quite contentedly on the bench near the fire, saying, before they fell asleep: "The stranger-child will be so happy to-night in his warm bed!"

These kind children had not slept many hours before Mary awoke and softly whispered to her brother: "Valentine, dear, wake, and listen to the sweet music under the window."

Then Valentine rubbed his eyes and listened. It was sweet music indeed, and sounded like beautiful voices singing to the tones of a harp:

"O holy Child, we greet thee! bringing
Sweet strains of harp to aid our singing.

"Thou, holy Child, in peace art sleeping,
While we our watch without are keeping.

"Blest be the house wherein thou liest,
Happiest on earth, to heaven the nighest."

The children listened, while a solemn joy filled their hearts; then they stepped softly to the window to see who might be without.

In the east was a streak of rosy dawn, and in its light they saw a group of children standing before the house, clothed in silver garments, holding golden harps in their hands. Amazed at this sight, the children were still gazing out of the window, when a light tap caused them to turn round. There stood the stranger-child before them clad in a golden dress, with a gleaming radiance round his curling hair. "I am the little Christ-child," he said, "who wanders through the world bringing peace and happiness to good children. You took me in and cared for me when you thought me a poor child, and now you shall have my blessing for what you have done."

A fir tree grew near the house; and from this he broke a twig, which he planted in the ground, saying: "This twig shall become a tree, and shall bring forth fruit year by year for you."

No sooner had he done this than he vanished, and with him the little choir of angels. But the fir-branch grew and became a Christmas tree, and on its branches hung golden apples and silver nuts every Christmas-tide.

Such is the story told to German children concerning their beautiful Christmas trees, though we know that the real little Christ-child can never be wandering, cold and homeless, again in our world, inasmuch as he is safe in heaven by his Father's side; yet we may gather from this story the same truth which the Bible plainly tells us—that any one who helps a Christian child in distress, it will be counted unto him as if he had indeed done it unto Christ himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

TOM O'CONNOR'S CAT.

There was a man called Tom O'Connor, and he had a cat equal to a dozen rat-traps and worth her weight in goold, in savin' his sacks of meal from the thievery of the rats and mice. This cat was a great pet, and was so up to everything, and had sc sinsible a look in her eyes, Tom were sartin' sure the cat knew ivery word that was said to her.

She used to sit by him at breakfast ivery morning, and the eloquent curl in her tail, as she used to rub against his leg, said, "Give me some milk, Tom O'Connor," as plain as print; and the plenitude of her purr spoke a gratitude beyond language. Well, one morning Tom was going to the neighboring town to

market, and to bring home shoes to the childhre out of the price of his corn; and sure eno', before he sat down to breakfast, there was Tom takin' the measure of the childhre's feet by cuttin' notches on a bit of stick; and the wife gave him so many cautions about a nate fit for "Billy's purty feet," that Tom, in his anxiety to nick the closest possible measure, cut the child's toe. That disturbed the harmony of the party, and Tom had to breakfast alone, while mother was tryin' to cure Billy—to make a *heal* of his *toe*. Well, all the time Tom was takin' measure, the cat was observin' him with that luminous peculiarity in eye for which her tribe is remarkable; and when Tom sat down to breakfast the cat rubbed against him more vigorously than iver, and whin he kipt niver mindin' her, she made a sort of caterwaulin' growl, and gave Tom a dab of her claws that wint clane through his leathers. "Now," said Tom, with a jump, "by this and by that, ye dhrew the blood out iv me," says he. "You wicked divil! tish, go 'long!" makin' a strike at her. With that the cat gave a reproachful look, and her eyes glared like mail-coach lamps in a fog. The cat gave a mysterious "miaou," fixing a penetrating glance on Tom, and distinctly uttered his name.

Tom felt every hair on his head as stiff as a pump-handle; he returned a searching look at the cat, who quietly proceeded with a sort of twang.

"Tom O'Connor," says she.

"Och, the saints be good to me," says he, "if it isn't spakin' she is."

"Tom O'Connor," says she again.

"Yis, ma'am," says Tom.

"Come here," says she, "the least taste in private," says she, risin' on her hams, an' beckonin' him wid her paw out iv the door, wid a wink an' a toss iv the head equal to a milliner.

Tom didn't know whether he was on his head or his heels; but he followed the cat, and off she wint and squatted on the hedge of a little paddock back of the house.

Well, divil a word Tom could say with the fright.

"Tom," says the cat, "I've a great respect for you."

"Thank you, ma'am," says Tom.

"You're goin' off to the town," says she, "to buy shoes for the childhre, and never thought on gettin' me a pair."

"You?" says Tom.

"Yes, *me;* and the neighbors wonder, Tom O'Connor, that a respectable man like you allows your cat to go about the counthry barefutted," says she.

"Is it a cat to wear shoes ?" says Tom.

"Why not?" says she; "doesn't horses wear shoes; an' I've a purtier fut nor a horse!"

"Faix, she spakes like a woman!" says Tom. "But, ma'am, I don't see how you cu'd fasten a shoe on you!" says he.

"Lave that to me," says the cat.

"As for the horses, mem, you know their shoes is fastened on wid nails!"

"Ah, you stupid thafe," says the cat, "an' haven't I illigant nails of my own?" an' wid that she gave him a dab wid her claws.

"Och, murther!" roared Tom.

"No more of your palaver, Misther O'Connor," says the cat; "just be off an' get me the shoes."

"Tare an ouns!" says Tom, "what 'ill become ov me if I am to get shoes for me cats?"

So Tom wint off to the town, as he pretended—for he saw the cat watchin' him thro' a hole in the hedge. But whin he came to a turn in the road, the dickens he minded the market, but wint off to the squire's to swear examinations agin' the cat. But whin he was asked to relate the evints ov the morning, his brain was so bewildered between his corn an' the cat an' the child's toe, that he made a confused account.

"Begin your story from the beginning," said the magistrate

"Well, plaze yer honor," says Tom, "I was goin' to market this morning to sell the child's—corn—I beg your pardon—my own toes—I mane, sir——"

"Sell yer toes?" said the squire.

"No, sir; takin' the cat to market, I mane."

"Take a cat to market?" said the squire; "you're drunk, man."

"No, yer honor, only confused, for when the toes began to spake to me—the cat, I mane—I was bothered clane——"

"The cat speak to you?" said the squire. "Phew! worse than before—you're drunk."

"No, yer honour, it's on the strength ov the cat I come to spake to you!"

"I think it's on the strength ov a pint ov whiskey, Tom!"

"By the vartue ov my oath, yer honor, it's nothin' but the cat." Then Tom told him about the affair, an' the squire was astonished. The bishop of the diocese and the priest ov the parish came in and had a tough argument ov two hours on the subject, one saying she must be a witch, an' the other she was only enchanted. The magistrate pulled down all the law-books in his library, and looked over the laws, but he found nothing agin cats. "There's the Alien Act," says the squire; "an' perhaps she's a Frinch spy in disguise."

"She spakes like a Frinch spy, sure enough," says Tom.

"I've a fresh idea," says the magistrate.

"Faix, it won't kape frish long this weather," says Tom.

"We'll hunt her undher the game laws," says the magistrate. "Meet me at the cross-roads in the mornin', an' we'll have the hounds ready."

Well, off went Tom home, racking his brains for an excuse for not bringin' the shoes; an' he saw the cat cantering up to him, half a mile before he got home.

"Where's the shoes, Tom?" says she.

"I've not got 'em to-day, ma'am," says he.

"Is that the way you keep your promise, Tom?" says she. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, I'll tear the eyes out ov the childhre if you don't get me shoes."

"Whist, whist!" says Tom, frightened out of his life. "Don't be in a passion, pussy! The shoemaker hadn't a shoe nor a last to make one to fit you, an' he says I must bring you into town for him to take your measure."

"An' whin?" says the cat.

"To-morrow," says Tom.

"It's well you said that, Tom, or the divil an eye I'd lave in yer family this night," said the cat, an' off she hopped.

Tom thrimbled at the wicked look she gave him.

"Remember!" she said over the hedge, with a bitter caterwaul.

Well, sure eno', the nixt mornin' there was the cat lickin' herself as nate as a new pin to go into the town, an' out came Tom wid a bag under his arm.

"Now, git into this, an' I'll carry you into town," says Tom, opening the bag.

"Shure, I can walk wid you," says the cat.

"Oh, that wouldn't do," says Tom; "the people is slanderous, an' shure it 'ud rise ugly remarks if I was seen wid a cat afther me. A dog is a man's companion by nature, but cats doesn't stand to raison."

Well, the cat got into the bag, an' off set Tom to the cross-roads, whin the squire an' the huntsmen an' the houns an' the pack ov people were waitin'.

"What's that bag you have at yer back?" says the squire, makin' believe he knew nothing.

"Oh, nothin' at all," says Tom, with a wink.

"Oh, there's something in that bag," says the squire. "Let me see it!"

"If you bethray me, Tom O'Connor," says the cat, in a low voice, "by this an' by that I'll niver spake to you agin!"

"I've been missin' my praties of late," said the squire, "an' I'd just like to examine that bag."

"Is it doubtin' my character you'd be, sir?" says Tom.

"Tom, your sowl!" says the voice in the sack. "If you let the cat out ov the bag I'll murther you!"

The squire insisted on searching, an' laid hold of the bag, Tom pretinding to fight all the time; but, my jewel, before two minutes they shook the cat out ov the bag, an' off she wint wid her tail as big as a sweeping brush, an' the squire, wid a thunderin' view haloo afther her, clapt the dogs at her heels, an' away they wint for their bare life. Never was there seen such a runnin' as that. The cat made for a shakin' bog, an' there the riders were all thrown out, barrin' the huntsman, who had a web-footed horse, an the praist; an' they stuck to the hunt like wax; an' they said the cat give a twist as the foremost dog closed with her on the border of the bog, for he gave her a nip in the flank. Still she wint on, towards an old mud cabin in the middle ov the bog; an' they saw her jump in at the window, an' up came the dogs an' set up a terrible howling. The huntsman alighted an' wint into the house, an' what should he see but an old hag lying in bed in the corner.

DOT BABY OF MINE.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
A Deutcher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grasy mit drinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
And his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says "Mamma," und "Bapa," und somedimes "ah-goo!"
You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor over, und drows dings aboudt,
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare.
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
Ven I dinqs of dose pranks of dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutcher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes.
Dose leedle shimmasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
Und voudn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

Charles F. Adams.

THE KNIGHT OF HONOR'S BURIAL.

One day, into our village came
A pale, wayfaring man. Weary, and worn,
And sick he seemed to those who saw him pass,
As to the rustic inn, beside our single street,
He turned his faltering steps.

'Twas summer eve.
The setting sun had hid his face behind
The western slope, and gathering shades of night
Were hovering o'er the earth; and chilly dews
Were falling on the grass, as on the porch
The stranger paused, and throwing up his hand
As tho' to make some plea for help, his lips
Were powerless to speak, exhausted sank
On the rude bench that stood along the wall.

The tired neighbors (who, at even-tide,
Are wont to congregate at inn or store,
After the labors of the day, to rest, or smoke,
Or chat of village gossip, or discuss,
Perchance, the country's news) were loitering in,
And gathered round the fainting youth (for such
He was) with pity in their eyes, and words
Of sympathy upon their lips.

The host,
A rude, uncultured man, but with a heart
Big as his own huge form, and tender as
A woman's, raised him up as tho' he were
A babe, and bore him in his brawny arms
Into an inner room, and laid him on
A bed; then sought, with haste, to bring relief.

Like a limp corpse, the stranger lay so long,
They deemed him dead. At length his eyes unclosed,
But from their orbs the ray of consciousness
Was gone, and, in its stead, gleamed only forth
The unearthly light of wild delirium.

The burning heat of fever gathered on
His pallid cheeks, and scorched his brain, and sent
The life-tide raging madly through his veins;
And all night long, with superhuman strength,
He raved, and tossed, and struggled hard against
The friendly hands that held him on his couch.

They noticed, 'mid his ravings, that, at times,
His thoughts were wandering home, and, on his lips,
The name of father, mother, wife were joined,
As if he held, in fancy, converse sweet
With loved ones by his side. And, with his words
To them, were others still, of strange import,
At which some of the watchers marveled, but
Not all. The host unceasingly he called
His brother (so he was), and piteously
Pleaded with him, by all his plighted vows,
For aid and rescue from some danger great,
Or sore perplexity. And then he talked
Of "Knights of Honor," and called aloud for help.
And then, anon, he seemed himself to be
Upon some errand merciful; all in
Obedience to some one's behest
To "visit and relieve." And thus, at last,
The weary night was passed, and, at the dawn,
It spread abroad through every village home
That, at the inn, a Brother of the Knights of Honor
Lay sick and destitute. And, ere had passed
The morning's meal, a score of warm, and true,
And loving hearts had gathered anxious round
The sick man's bed, each ready to supply
To him the lack of father, brother, friend.

They needed not to ask what way he came,
Of dark vicissitude. To them it was
Enough to know he was a Brother, and
In want of Brothers' sympathy and aid.

They found upon his person ample proofs
Of his identity and name; and, ere
The sun had dried the dew away from leaf
And blade, the news had reached, on lightning's wing,
His far, far distant home, that he was sick

And in a Brother's care; and stricken hearts
Were solaced in their grief—for well they knew
That all that Brother's hands could do, or hearts
Devise, of tender ministration, would be his,
Their cherished one, e'en in a stranger's land.

Nine weary nights and days the sufferer lay
With fevered brain; and reason all dethroned;
And wrestling oft with wild imaginings;
And agonies most dire and pitiful.

Nine weary nights and days his Brothers kept
Unceasing vigils round his bed of pain.
A Brother's hand administered to him
The soothing draught, and cooled his aching brow,
And fanned his burning cheek. A Brother's voice
Spake kind, assuring words; and, all the while,
Solicitude, as warm and gentle as
A mother's, sought t' assuage each throb
And answer every quest.

At length, one morn,
The crisis feared, yet hoped for, came, when the
Consuming fire, that racked his frame, was quenched;
And his wild ravings gradually gave place
To low and gentle murmurings, until
At last he into slumber sank, so deep,
So calm and silent, that it seemed a sleep
Of death. The faithful watchers moved about
With muffled tread, and fingers warningly
Upraised, as anxious passers-by tarried
Inquiring at the open window. All
Was so still, the ticking of the watch (on
Which the doctor's eye was fixed, as, with his
Finger on the sleeper's wrist, he marked
Each feeble pulse) was heard throughout the room;
For well they knew that life or death hung on
The moment of his waking.

The lengthened
Hours passed on, and still he slept. At last
They saw, as waned the early afternoon,
His eyes unclosed; not with a start of pain,
Nor fevered gleam; but calm, intelligent
And clear; yet with a look, speaking surprise,
That, in a moment more, gave place to one
Of deep anxiety. The doctor saw
And understood the questioning appeal,

And hastened to reply. He also saw,
What the sick man instinctive knew, that he
Was dying. Gently he told him where he was,
And how it chanced that he was there. How he
Had fallen at a Brother's door, who saw
And understood his signal, and rejoiced
To recognize his claim. How, through the days
And nights of his delirium, his couch
Had guarded been by those who loved him for
The bonds which linked his heart to theirs as one.
How tidings to his friends had gone, who now
Were on the way, expected every hour.

"Oh, will they come?" he whispered; "can it be
That I shall see them ere I die—my wife,
My darling wife; my mother, father; will,
Oh! will they come? God bless you, Brothers true,
For all your care! Oh! will they come? If not,
Tell them I thought to find, for them and me,
A better home than the old cottage by
The sea. An earthly home, I thought; but God
Knows best. His will be done; His holy will
Be done. Tell them—and Brothers, Brothers, don't
Forget—there is a better home prepared
For all who love the Master.
And where He is, there, there will be my home.
I will await them there; they know the way;
And Brothers, Brothers, don't forget to come!"

Again he blessed them with his failing breath,
Then closed his eyes and lay so still they thought
His spirit had departed.

Presently
There fell upon the ear the distant sound
Of wheels and horses' tread, driven, it seemed,
In hurried speed along the village street;
And, coming nearer, halted at the door.

The watchers scarce had time to turn their eyes
From off the couch of death, when they beheld
A woman, young and fair—so young they thought
Her but a child—coming, with frenzied haste,
Into the chamber. With one bewildered glance
At the sad, anxious faces gathered there,
She threw herself, with wild and bitter wail,
Upon her knees beside the dying man,
And passionately kissed the cheek and brow,
On which the dews of dissolution hung.

She was the wife; and, following feebly, came
The aged, white-haired sire, supporting on
His trembling arm his frail companion, she,
The mother of his only child—his boy;
The last of all the precious flock, that once
Had blessed their home—he whom the parents hoped
Would live to be the solace of their age.

The brothers reverently moved away
From round the bed and stood with throbbing hearts,
And tearful eyes, compassionately turned
Upon the broken-hearted, weeping group,
Pleading so piteous, with endearing words,
That the pale sleeper might awake, and give
One look of love, and speak to them once more.

As it hath sometime happened that the grief
Of friends hath won departed spirits back,
E'en from the confines of the ghostly world,
For a brief season; so the vailed orbs
They thought forever sealed, unclosed, and o'er
The pallid features of the dying man
A glow of joyful recognition came.
A look of yearning, fondest love he turned
Upon the faces bending o'er his own;
Then, for a moment, glanced his wishful eyes
Toward the faithful-hearted Brother-band:
A glance that tokened endless gratitude,
And also seemed to say to them, "I leave
My precious treasures in your loving care."
Again he fixed his earnest, straining gaze
Into the eyes that mirrored back his own
Mute, longing look of love; a look that bore
The meaning of ten thousand uttered words
Of tenderest endearment. Then the flush
Of mantling color faded from his cheek;
Words vainly struggled on his parting lips;
But, in their stead, a bright, unearthly smile,
That spoke of sweet content and perfect peace,
Spreading like sunlight o'er his beaming face,
An instant lingered there, and he was dead.

Our eye may not intrude, with curious gaze,
Behind the vail that hideth from its ken
That chamber of bereavement. Pen nor tongue
Hath power to portray that which no words
Are formed to express—unutterable woe.

The Brothers have withdrawn, and only there,
The stricken father, mother, and the wife,
Are with their dead, their sorrow, and their God.

It was the sweetest of the summer days
That blessed our mountain clime. The sky was clear;
The sun shone bright as though a shade of mist
Had ne'er obscured his golden ways. Serene
And genial was the air, and balmy with
The odors of a myriad blooms. Such time
Was fitting season for the tried and true
To come with tokens of their trustful hope,
And bear their comrade to his peaceful rest.

They gathered in from all the country round,
A hundred men and more, the old and young;
All linked together in a common bond—
The vow to rescue, cherish and befriend.
Not with pretentious pomp of heraldry,
Nor sheen of waving plumes, nor clang of arms,
Nor martial strains befitting only war;
But in the guise of peace and garb of love
They came, and with fraternal hands they raised
The dead, and bore him out, and laid him down
In their "God's acre," on the green hill-side.

And when the surpliced priest, the man of God,
With words of kindly sympathy and cheer
To the heart-broken mourners, had consigned,
With church's blessed words the "Earth to earth;
Ashes to ashes; dust to dust; to sleep
In peace until the resurrection morn,"
The Brothers stood, uncovered, round the grave,
Hand joined in hand, in token of their troth,
And listened to their Order's touching rites;
Then reverently dropped upon the coffin lid
Their simple evergreen, the pledge and sign
Of their remembrance of the dead; their hope
Of blest reunion 'yon this mortal scene;
Then turned away with many a falling tear.

Funeral honor nobler than a king's,
Was this, the young Knight of Honor's burial.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"At midnight last night," said the old man, in a solemn voice, as he looked up and down the aisles—"at midnight last night de speerit of Brudder Charles Climox Goshport, a local member ob

dis club, passed from y'arth to de unknown. Only a week ago he sat in dis hall; to-night he am dressed for de grave. What ackshun will de club take?"

"I 'spose, sah," said Rev. Penstock, as he rose up, "dat it am in order to present resolushuns to de effect dat he was a man ob de highest integrity, liberal-hearted, high-minded, and dat his loss am a sad blow to de hull city."

"Yes, such a resolushun am in order, Brudder Penstock; can you remember dat you took Brudder Goshport by de hand an' gin him one word of praise for his hard work an' honest ways?"

"I—I—doan' remember dat I eber did, sah."

"Am dar a pusson in dis hall who kin remember dat he eber put hisself out to favor Brudder Goshport?"

Not a man answered.

"Kin any one ob you remember dat you took any pertickeler interes' in how he got along?"

Not a word was heard in reply.

"To be a little plainer," continued the president, "am dar one single pusson in dis hall who eber felt five cents' worth ob anxiety for Brudder Goshport's worldly or spiritual welfare?"

The hall was so quiet that the sound of Elder Toots rubbing his back on the sharp edge of a window-casing gave everybody a start.

"Not a man in dis hull club—not a man in dis hull city, so far as we know—eber put hisself out to favo' for or speak a word in praise of our lamented brudder, and yet we have the cheek to talk of a resolushun settin' forth his many virtues and our heartfelt sorrow. No, sir! We doan' pass no sich bizness heah! I should be ashamed to look his widder in de face, if we did. It am de way of the world to let men alone jist when a leetle help would give 'em a broad and easy road. We h'ar of dis man or dat man havin' won de gratitude of de people, but we doan' hear of it until he am dead. When a man has gone from y'arth de papers an' de public suddenly diskiver how honest he was, what a big heart he had, how much good he was allus doin', and what a loss to de world his death will prove.

"De time to praise a man is when he am livin' beside us. Praise hurts nobody, but many a good man has grown weary fur de want of appreciashun. Here am seventy-two of us in dis hall to-night, an' we have to own up dat not one of us eber went outer our way to prove to our brudder dat his gentle ways, his squar' dealen' an' his upright life war any mo' 'preciated by us dan as if he had been a hoss thief! An' to pass a resolushun would be to brand ourselves hypocrites. Let no man dare offer one."

HOW HE BAPTIZED THEM.

I am not a bad boy any more. Oh, no; I am a wicked, wicked boy these days! Because I go to Sunday-school an to church regular, an try to do gust as the minister does, there 4 I am a wicked, sectreligus boy. Oh what's the use! I'm sick of trying to be good. When a little incent boy, not nine years old, has the hull town down on him, an the deacons, an the Sundy-school supertendant, an the preacher besides, wot is he going to do about it? My mind is made up—I'll run away agane. I'll go further than Aunt Betsy's next time. The town will be quiet after I am gone. They won't have any one to slander but the men what's up for President. They seme to be most as bad as I am.

Yesterdy was Sundy afternoon; it was a brite, pleasant day, the blue-birds sung—so did the frogs. I asked mamma mite I walk out in the grove to find some traling arbutus. She said yes, if I would be nice and quiet, coz it was the Sabbath day.

It was plesent in the woods, there were several little girles there picking wild flowers; the brook was deeper than yousal for the spring rains; so I said to Minnie Brown an Lucy Wheeler wouldn't they like to be very, very good children an join the church. They said they would. So I told them I would baprise them gust as good as the minister. It was Sundy, gust the time; would they let me baptise them?

Annie Spriggs she laughed, which I told her it was rong—they must be very sollum—she and Lizzie could stand on the bank and sing like they ought to. I told Minnie and Lucy they must not be fritened if the water was cold. They said, "No, indede!" Then we all repeted the Lord's prayer very sereous I was sorry Minnie had on her best blue sash an' button kids—the water spoils things so—but she was just as brave as a little lion; she didn't holler or kick one bit, but looked as sweet as an angel when I led her out; but, oh my, how she did begin to shake, an' there wasn't any shawl to put around her, so I hurrid up to baptise Lucy.

I guess I hurrid a little too fast; we both sliped on the slippery stones on the bottom, an' fell, an' Lucy strangled like anything, an' couldn't get up; the streme was a going that fast it swept her away like a fether. It's lucky she was not quite drownded, coz the girl hollered like fun, an' some men came running, who got her out an' took oph their coats an' put round her an' Minnie, an' carried them home quick as they could.

Nobuddy thought to put anything around me, tho' I was shaking so I could hardly walk. Oh, how my teeth chattered! I've had a sore throte ever since so I couldn't ete anything but gruel and soft stuff; they say it serves me right for being such a wicked boy! It don't seme to do a bit of good to tell 'em I was

not making fun; I gess I'll give up trying to be a preacher or a doctor; as soon as my throte is well my plans are layed; keep dark, my diry—lay low.

Minnie and Lucy are sick in bed—one's got the croup the other's got digestion of the lungs—but I heard Dr. Moore tell Sue, in the hall, they were out of danger; so what's the use of all this muss?—you'd think I'd turned the world over and all the little girls were falling oph. I thought their parents would like to have them goin the church; sted of that Betty tells me confidenshally that Mr. Wheeler has bought an offul ugly horsewhip, to give me a tanning the first time I appere on the strete. He is a nasty, ugly, mean ole thing! He's four times my size, witch is cowardly to lick one so much smaller. When Dr. Moore comes up to my room to touch my throte, I'm going to ask him if he won't be my second. I guess ole Wheeler won't dare to punish me when he hears the doctor is on my side.

* * I asked Dr. Moore would he be my second. He said: "Are you going to fight a duel, Georgie?" and he sort of smiled.

I said ole Wheeler has bought a horsewhip, but I think I ought to have the choice of weppons.

He said he thought so, too—what would I choose?

I thought it over, and finally decided he was so much bigger I'd better hide till his rath blew over. So I told the doctor I guessed I'd go to school by the back lane, so Mr. Wheeler wouldn't get a chance at me.

He said he thought himself "discreshun was the better part of valor;" but I'm going to carry a few brickbats in my pokkets to be prepared. What with Johnny's mother's loaded pistol and Mr. Wheeler's horsewhip, a little felloe like me don't seme to have any peice of his life. It's a burning shame the way I'm treated by high and lo. If I could deside in my own mind wether sailors or scouts had the golliest times, I could make my preparations akordingly; I will have to wate until after the wedding to disappear, which is next day after tomoro.

I do hope my throte will get well enuf for me to engoy the spred. It will be a burning shame for a boy with a appetite like mine to have a sore throte when his sister is marrid. I would like to sell out my throte. It is horrid dull being sick. Mama says what do I think of poor Johnny having to lay six weeks in bed? I am glad I am not Johnny. I knew better than to clime a tree to get a kite out. I don't know what to do to pass the time. I'm well enuff, only something sticks in my swalloing pipe; but Betty will not let me dress—she has taken my close out of the room; if I am a good, quite boy, I am to get up tomoro; I must try to get well for the wedding.—*Extract from "A Bad Boy's Diary."*

PLAYING DRUNKARD.

Jones was a kind, good-natured man as one might wish to see,
He had a buxom, tidy wife and bright-eyed children three.
But Jones was weak in one respect—he had a love for rum,
And often from the drinking-shop would staggering homeward come.

His good wife grieved to see him thus, but bore all patiently,
And prayed and hoped that in some way he would reformed be,
She never waver'd in her faith, but toiled with hand and brain,
And in the end with joy she found her prayers were not in vain.

Thus it occurred: One Sunday morn, while Jones lay on the floor
Sleeping away the outcome of his spree the night before,
His wife had gone to church to pray that his reform might come,
Leaving, with much regret, her ill-clad little ones at home.

When passed away the lethargy caused by the flowing bowl,
Jones gazed around and saw a sight which shocked his very soul.
His eldest child, a boy of six, with frowzy, unkempt hair,
Was staggering around the room with idiotic stare,
The while his other little ones laughed loudly in their glee,
His grimaces, and flounderings, and antics queer to see.

"I'm only playing drunk," he said, "to imitate papa,
But if I had some liquor, I could do it better far.
But children ain't allowed to drink, so I know what I'll do,
I'll wait till I grow up and then I'll be a drunkard too."

"I reckon not," Jones muttered, "with Heaven's help I'll try
To do my duty after this in strict sobriety.
My eyes shall ne'er again behold a scene so sad as this;
Come here, my precious little ones, and give papa a kiss!"

* * * * * * * *

When Mrs. Jones came home from church he met her at the door,
And tenderly embracing her, said, "Wife, I'll drink no more!"
She saw the truth shine in his eyes and wept for very joy,
But never knew the change was wrought by her unthinking boy.

Francis S. Smith.

THAT CABBAGE.

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of the window of a house on Market street, when they observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a

dozen well-dressed and apparently sane persons began yelling after the wagon as though the vegetable had been a gold watch or a thousand dollar bill. The driver stopped about half a square off, looked back at the cabbage, yawned, and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the streets make over mere trivial occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. "Now, I'll bet a silk hat that I could get a crowd of five hundred persons around that cabbage inside of thirty minutes, and yet not leave this room."

"I take the bet," said his friend, pulling out his watch. "Are you ready?"

"Yes; give the word."

"It is now eleven-thirty. Go!"

The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and, taking a cane, pointed earnestly at the mud-covered cabbage with a terrified expression. Presently a hack driver noticed the action and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone; then a bootblack stopped; then a bill-poster, a messenger-boy, and a merchant.

"What's the matter?" inquired a German, approaching the innocent base of his national dish.

"Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window. At his horror-stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically screamed the better, waving his cane. "Take that dog away, quick!"

Several stones were thrown at a cur that was sniffling around the cabbage.

"Take care!" said a car-driver to a policeman, who was shouldering his way through the mass. "It's an infernal machine, nitro-glycerine—or something."

Meanwhile the sidewalk was blockaded, the street became impassible, women screamed and rushed into shops, and a storekeeper underneath began to tie a bucket on the end of a long pole with which to pour water on the devilish invention. The crowd by this time numbering over a thousand, the two gentlemen moved away from the window and sat down. In a few minutes there was a hurried tap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as delegate from the mass meeting outside.

"I should like to know, gentlemen," he said, "what the facts are?"

"What facts?"

"Why, what is there peculiar about the cabbage out there?"

"Nothing in the world," was the soft reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected a moment, said he "guessed not," and retired. Before he handed in his report, however, Captain Short's watch had dispersed the mob and clubbed two hundred and eleven separate persons for creating a disturbance.

THE OLD PARSON'S STORY.

They say I am old an' forgitful,
My style ez as slow ez a snail,
My doctrines are all out o' fashion,
My mind is beginnin' to fail;
They want a more flowery preacher,
More full o' furgiveness an' love,
To talk to 'em less about brimstone
An' more o' the mansions above.

Fur fifty long years I've been preachin',
I've studied my old Bible well,
I alwus hev felt it my duty
To show 'em the horrors o' hell.
Perhaps I've been wrong in my notions,
I've follered the Scriptures, I know,
An' never hev knowin'ly broken
The vows that I took long ago.

I've seen many trials an' changes;
I've fit a good fight against wrong;
The gals hev grown up to be wimmin,
The boys hev got manly an' strong.
The honest old deacons hev vanished,
Their pure lives hev come to a close;
They sleep in the silent old church-yard,
Where soon I shell lie in repose.

My flock hez been alwus complainin',
The church wuz not rightly arranged,
They voted to hev a high steeple;
The gallery hed to be changed.
They built up a fanciful vestry,
They bought the best organ in town;
They chopped the old pews into kindlin's,
An' tumbled the tall pulpit down.

And now, to my pain an' my sorrer,
They say "the old parson must go."

I know I am childish an' feeble,
My steps are unstidy an' slow;
They want a more spirited speaker,
To dance round the platform an' holler,
An' wake up the souls that are dead.

I'll try to believe that what happens
Will alwus come out for the best.
They tell me my labor is ended,
'Tis time I wus taking a rest.
I've leetle o' comfort or riches,
(I'm sartin my conscience is clear),
An when in the church-yard I'm sleepin',
Perhaps they may wish I was here.

HE WANTED SOME "SCENERY."

On a train coming east over the Central Road the other day was a Californian bound for New Jersey, and the train had scarcely left Chicago behind when he stopped the conductor and said:

"On which side of the car can I best see the mountains?"

The conductor told him that there were no mountains along the route, and the man indignantly replied:

"What in blazes did you build the road for? What do you suppose I'm traveling for? This must be a one-horse road if it don't take in at least one mountain!"

He cooled down after awhile, but in half an hour he tackled the brakeman with the query:

"Does this road pass by any old ruins of interest?"

The brakeman couldn't remember any ruins except an old log-house here and there, and the Californian was mad in a minute.

"Do you think I shipped on this road as freight or live stock?" he called out. "If you don't run past any old ruins, why don't you say so on the time-cards, and not be deceiving people?"

When the conductor next came along, the Californian was looking from the window to catch sight of the bridges, and he turned and said:

"If we come to any bridges over eight hundred feet long give me the word. I don't care about seeing any shorter ones."

The conductor had to admit that the road was trying to get along with a few short bridges, and the passenger bobbed around in his seat and replied:

"What did you build your old road for? If you haven't any long bridges on the line, why didn't you hunt for a new one?"

About thirty miles west of Detroit the Californian caught

sight of a lake afar off, and, going out on the platform, he asked the brakeman:

"Don't we run along the shore of that lake, over there?"

"No; we are as near it as we shall go."

"You are, eh? Then that settles this road with me! When I come back I'll ride in a lumber wagon! You can take your confounded old railroad and eat it, but you can't fool me again. Looks to me as if the folks who built it simply wanted to connect Detroit and Chicago, and didn't care a cent for scenery. I'll get off at the next station and walk." *Detroit Free Press.*

BLUE AND GRAY.

"O, mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a child,
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,
And the love we bear our darling child;
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue,
The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg,
And the other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn, and weary, and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill;
The leg was lost at Fredericksburg,
The arm at Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone at the farm-yard gate,
And talked for an hour or more;
Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm
With fighting their battles o'er;
And parted at last, with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each calling on God to speed the time,
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side, and lispingly prayed,
"Our Father which art in Heaven;"
How one wore the gray, and the other the blue,
How they passed away from the sight,
And had gone to the land where the gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

VARNISH AND PUTTY.

When a man cums tew the konklusion that he would like to kill sumboddy at thirty paces, he imagines that he haz been wronged, and sends hiz best friend a challenge tew fite a dewel, tha meet, and an elegant murder iz committed; the cracks in this transaktion are puttyed up, and then varnished over, bi being kalled "*an affair ov honnor.*" When a man robs a saving bank, or goes tew urope on the last steamer, with the stolen reseipts ov a sanitary kommittee in his pocket, a kommittee of investigashun are got together tew examine the stait ov affairs, and unanimously report "*a diskrepansy in hiz akounts.*" 2 young men hire a hoss and buggy at a livri stable, and go into the kuntry on a Sunda. Tha stop at the fust tavern tha meet, and invest in sum ardent speerits. Tha stop agin pretty soon, and histe in sum more ardent speerits. The more tha histe in, the more tha drive, till bi and bi a devilish bridge tips them over into a devilish gutter that sumboddy haz left bi the side ov the road, and they are awl killed, including the hoss and buggy. This is kalled a "*fatal acksident.*" A man and hiz wife are living in the middle of joy and consolashun, tha are surrounded on awl sides by a yung and interesting familee; their bread is cut thin, and buttered on both sides and the edges; but the destroyers enters the family—the wife wants a nu silk gown; the man sez he "be hanged if she duz," and she, "be hanged if she don't." One word brings on another, tell tha fite, both ov them lose awl the hair in their heds, and 2 full setts ov false teeth, the thing ends in a divorse, the man runs awa tew Australia bi the overland route, the woman marry's a cirkus-rider at 40 dollars a month, the children are adopted bi sum Sunda-school, and are brought up on homopathy. This furnishes a collum and a half in the nusepaper, under the hed ov "*Disturbanse of the married relation.*" A youth of 21 summers begins life with 36 thousand dollars. Several fast hosses belong tew him, there is several fast wimmin that he belongs tew; awl the tavern-keepers are his patrons, faro banks are bilt for hiz amuzement, consolidated lotterys are chartered on purpiss tew make him happee; nothing iz

left undun tew make him feel good. He wakes up about the 25th of next May without a dollar in hiz pocket, and a host ov warm friends on hiz hands, without enny visible means ov supporting them. He takes an akount ov stock, he buys a pint ov rum and and 4 yards of bed kord, the one makes him limber, while the other makes him stiff. The putty and varnish in this kase iz, "*Driven tew desperashun on akount of finanshul preshure.*" A rale rode trane stands snortin front ov the depoe, the last bel iz ringing, the kars are full ov souls that belong to different individuals; the konducktor iz full ov Bourbon; the engineer labors under an attack ov Jamaka for the bronketis; the switchmen likes a leetle good old rye; the kars diskount 45 miles a hour, 2 trains tri tew pass each other on the same track; it can't be did suckcessfully; the mangled and ded are kounted by skores; a searching investigashun takes place, the community iz satisfied bekause it waz "*an unavoidable katastrophe.*"

Josh Billings.

"GWINE AWAY."

"De Lake Sho' train am de one we is lookin' fur, boss, kase I'ze gwine to send de ole woman to Toledo. Poo' ole soul! she's ben cryin' all de mawnin', kase she's gwine away from me, an' to tell de truf I can't keep de tear outer my own eyes long 'nuff to see 'cross the depot."

It was an old, old, colored man, stoop-shouldered, trembling with age. He was accompanied by his aged wife, who had on her Sunday best and carried a bundle in her hand. She was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief, and in lieu of something better he was using his coat-sleeve.

"Is your wife going away on a visit?"

"Bress you, no! We would be feelin' like chill'en if it war only a wisit. You see, sah, we's got so ole an' poo' dat we can't keep house nor airn a libin' any mo'. We's felt it comin' on fur a long time past, but neber 'spected de day would come when we'd have to separate."

"Then she won't come back?"

"Dat's what ails us. You see, I'ze got a son heah who will gib me a home, an' she's got a darter down in Tolodo who will take keer of her. She's—she's gwine away dis mawnin', an' I 'spect I'll neber set eyes on her no mo'. 'Tain't fur down dar, but we is poo' an' ole, an' I'ze gwine to kiss her good-by fur de las' time. Hold up yer face, Mary, till I kiss ye! You an' me has trabbled in de same path risin' of sixty y'ars, an' now when we am grown ole an' poo', an' am waiting fur the call we has got to separate! Dar', dar', chile, don't take on so! Its sumthin' we

can't help, an' if you sob dat way you'll broke de ole man right down. Dat's de train ober dar, an'—an'——"

He put his arms round her, and his tears fell on her cheek, aa he said:

"We slaved together, an' we has starved an' shibered an' met trouble wid de same speerit. Hush, chile—it's all fur de best! Maybe de Lawd will bring us together agin. If—if he doan' do it, you'll meet me up dar in heaben. We kin trust de Lawd fur dat. If I git dar fust I'll wait fur you right at de gate, an', if you am fust taken, I know you'll watch for me."

She kissed him and clung to him like a child, and it was only when the train was ready to go that he disengaged her arms, kissed her once more, and led her to the gate, with the words:

"I'll be prayin' de Lawd to be good to ye, an' I'll fink of ye ebery hour in the day. Keep down your sobs chile—we can't be chill'en no more. Here you am—good-by—good-by."

She went away sobbing like a child, and he passed out of the depot with big tears in his eyes and a heart almost breaking with sorrow.

"I'll trust—I'll trust in de Lawd," he whispered, as he went his way. "Tell ye what, it's powerful sad on two old folkses like us to be all broke up an' separated like dis, but we couldn't do better. Bress her dear soul! but de poo' body was well nigh done fur wid grief when I turned away de las' time!"

CALDWELL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By the church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere and you will turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word
Down at Springfield! What? No? Come, that's bad. Why he had
All the Jersey's aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say, when the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and one of the hireling crew.
Who fired the shot? Enough! There she lay,

And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away!
Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant plow-boys! See the smoke and the heat
Of the reckless advance—of that struggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you—what should you—what would you do?
Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch,
For want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then, above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em, boys; give 'em Watts."
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago;
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a bal
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

Bret Harte.

DISTURBING THE MEETING.

They have had more trouble at our Methodist meeting-house. Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon, and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Saint"—when a hen emerged from the reeess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid an egg, she interrupted Mr. Moody to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped short as she walked out into the aisle, screeching: "Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ke! Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ko!"

Mr. Moody contemplated her for a moment, and then concluded to go on; but the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and so she put on a pressure of five or six pounds to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again, and said:

"Will Deacon Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting-house?"

The deacon rose, and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door; but she dodged him, and, still clucking vigorously, got under the seat in the front pew. Then the deacon seized his umbrella, and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door; but she darted into a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew, and out into the side aisle, making a noise like a steam planing-mill.

The deacon didn't like to climb over after her, so he went round, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over into the

middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed, and the deacon began to grow red in the face.

At last Mr. Binns came out of his pew to help, and as both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions she flew up with a wild cluck to the gallery, and perched on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about five hundred clucks a minute. The deacon flung a hymn-book at her to scare her down again, but he missed, and hit Billy Jones, a Sunday-school scholar, in the eye. Then another boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he tumbled and fell on Mrs. Miskey's bonnet, whereupon she said loud that he was predestined for the gallows. The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stove-pipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down, the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and at the fifth or sixth knock the pipe separated and about forty feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a barrel or two of soot over the congregation. There were women in that congregation who went home looking as if they had been working in a coal-mine, and wishing they could stab Deacon Grimes without being hung for murder. The hen came down with the stove-pipe; and as she flew by Mr. Binns he made a dash at her with his umbrella, and knocked her clear through a fifteen-dollar pane of glass, whereupon she landed in the street, and hopped off clucking insanely. Then Mr. Moody adjourned the congregation. They are going to expel the owner of that hen from the church when they discover his identity.

Max Adeler.

HOW HE WENT TO THE WEDDING.

Betty is that busy she flys around like a hen with its head cut off; even mamma has been in but once to-day to see me; weddings are an offal lot of bother. O what fun I'm missing, shut up here with everybuddy els bizzy as bees. I herd the doctor and Sue laffing in the hall this morning when he had been in to see how my throte was; I herd him say:

"His throte is scarcely sore a bit; but I'm going to make him think he is dangerously sick, till after you are safely married to me, my darling. The best place for a boy like that is in bed," and my sister laffed, an' said:

"It's ruther a severe goke on poor Georgy;" then he said:

"He deserves it. If that boy is around, no teling what will happen."

I have been brooding over what I heard ever since. It's a shameful plot to kepe me out of the way. I thought he was my

frend. An Sue is in the plot! I don't believe a little boy was ever treated so before. He gave me ipcak on purpose to kepe me feling sick! I am to have ipcak an lie in bed, instead of cake, an creme, an salad, an bone turkey, an a good time at the wedding! I thought the doctor was an onest man, but it semes he is a fereful hiepockwrit. Never mind, 2 can play at that game.

* * * * Well, my sister Sue is Mrs. Doctor Moore now. They are off on their wedding trip to parts unknone. There is peace and quiet in the house now, Betty's legs is geting rested. She said they ached like the toothake when she went to bed a week beforehand, but Sue she gave her fore of her old dresses, witch were not good enuff for a bride, witch took the ake out wonderful. I had a good time at the wedding after awl. Doctor Moore kept me in bed giving me ipcak once in fore hours, witch I spit out evry time; but I staid in bed an groned an let on I was offul sick an could not swoller. I read the whole of "Ribison Crueso" an "Famly Robison" 3 times, when no one was looking. So the afternoon of the purformunce—witch was very fashnubble at five o'clock—mamma come up an said she was dredful sorry I could not go, an so did the doctor, but it would not be prudent. O how I laffed when he went out of the room; so the moment they went down I carried out my plan to fool him good like he had tried to fool me.

I could find no close but 1 pare of old ragged pants I had slid down hill in all winter, because Betty had carried them oph, an my slippers, but I made these do very well because I took a sheet oph my bed an slid along the hall to a back room, climed out on the roof of the kitchen, went down the water-pipe, over the fense, down the alley like a streak, cause there was no time to lose, along a back street till I was safe, and then I made a bee line for the church. The folks had not begun to arrive yet—I came urly on purpose—but the seckston had unlocked the door to begin to lite up, os I krept in wen his back was turned, and cut up behind the pulpit, where I rapped the sheet around me like it was the minister's white gown, an lay lo.

I kept as still as a mouse all the time the hull poplation of the town was poring into the pews. Every seat was crowded; tho I could not see them I herd the rushing an whispering.

After a long time, which made my gnees ake, I herd them say there they come! The organ played very soft, Mr. Slocum came in from the vestry, the seremony began. I waited till he came to the place where it says, "If any one can show gust cause or impenitent why"—then I bounced rite up in the pulpit with the sheet around me, and said very loud and plain—"I can, Mr. Minister."

Such a lot of sprised people you never saw. Most of them stood up, an the women hollered like I was a bear. Sue turned as pail as a gost, an grabbed the doctor's arm like she was afraid he would run away. Mamma and papa an the doctor gave a sort

" Then I bounced rite up in the pulpit with the sheet around me, and said, very loud and plain, 'I can, Mr. Minister.'"

of grone—I gess they felt discurridged. While Mr. Slocum was staring up to see who it was, I went on in a hurry for fear they would not let me finish. "I gust want to know if its fair to a little boy to have for a brother-in-law a doctor heartless enuff to pretend he's sick and give him ipcak to kepe him in bed so he can't come to see his own sister get married?" O how evry boddy laffed—xcept our folks. It is very rong to laff in church in the way they did. I may be a bad boy, but I seldom laff or whisper in church. Doctor Moore he gust looked up and said, "Come down, Georgie, an take a front seat; I promis never to do so again. You beat me every time." "Very well," said I, "Mr. Slocum, you can proseed with the show; but I'll have to

be xcused from coming down because Betty hid my Sunday suit —I'll remain where I am." So they got married after all; but some implite people kept giggling out in the most sollum parts.

I think, dear diry, our family has learned a lesson, not to be ungust to one who may make some mistakes, but generly tries onestly to be a good boy. I have been treated pretty well since. Nobody scolded a word, but took me in one of the carriages when we went home, an Betty gave me my close quick so I could fix myself up for supper. Lil an Montagu gave me a seat between them and everything nice to ete. I was desprit hungry after so much tea and toste. "Georgie," said Lil, "I see you are as bad as ever," an she laffed an laffed; but I herd the doctor say to Sue that he had changed his mind about their boarding with her folks when they came back—they must board at the hotel—I wonder why.—*Extract from "A Bad Boy's Diary," one of the most humorous books of the present day. It can be obtained of newsdealers everywhere for* 10 *cents.*

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"Im goin' to die!" says the Widder Green.
"Im goin' to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me.
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks—
Swearin' an shootin' and pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never was a lunatic in any way;
But since crazy folks all go free,
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
But what the papers have it in.
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'
Or 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone
Down to Barknamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?

There ain't no privacy—so to say—
No more than if this was the Judgment day.
And as for meetin'—I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there—
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done,
Like everything else under the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow—
Praise to the Lord from men below;
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle, there and here!
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'n ef he was hand and glove
With all the creturs he ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb.
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste of fire—
Judgment an' justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet
That makes this world nor t'other complete.
But law! I'm old. I'd better be dead.
When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
Sperit's talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools,
Crazy creturs a-murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under ground.
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene
Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green.'

THE SAN FRANCISCO AUCTIONEER.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of putting up a fine pocket-handkerchief, a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one-half cotton, and t'other half cotton too; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and stripes and stars on t'other. It will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be the death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers. Its great length, breadth and thickness, together with its dark color, will enable it to hide dirt, and never need washing. Going at one dollar? seventy-five cents? fifty cents? twenty-five cents? one bit? Nobody wants it! Oh, thank you, sir! Next, gentlemen—for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article—is a real, simon pure, tempered, highly-polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor; bran spanking new;

never opened before to sunlight, moonlight, starlight, daylight or gaslight; sharp enough to shave a lawyer or cut a disagreeable acquaintance or poor relation; handle of buck-horn, with all the rivets but the two at the ends of pure gold. Who will give two dollars? one dollar? half a dollar? Why, ye long-bearded, dirty-faced reprobates, with not room on your phizzes for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at half a dollar! Well, I'll throw in this strop at half a dollar! razor and strop! a recent patent; two rubs upon it will sharpen the city attorney; all for four bits, and a piece of soap, sweeter than roses, lathers better than a school-master, and strong enough to wash all the stains from a California politician's countenance, all for four bits.

Why, you have only to put the razor, strop and soap under your pillow at night, and wake up in the morning clean shaved. Won't anybody give two bits, then, for the lot? I knew I would sell them! Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair socks, hose, stockings, or half-hose, just as you're a mind to call them, knit by a machine made on purpose, out of cotton wool. The man that buys these will be enabled to walk till he gets tired; and, provided his boots are big enough, needn't have any corns; the legs are as long as bills against the corporation, and as thick as the heads of the members of the Legislature. Who wants 'em at one half-dollar? Thank-ee, madam, the money. Next I offer you a pair of boots made especially for San Francisco, with heels long enough to raise a man up to the Hoadley grades, and nails to ensure against being carried over by a land slide; legs wide enough to carry two revolvers and a bowie-knife, and the upper of the very best horse leather. A man in these boots can move about as easy as the State Capitol. Who says twenty dollars? All the taxpayers ought to buy a pair to kick the council with, everybody ought to have a pair to kick the Legislature with, and they will be found of assistance in kicking the bucket, especially if somebody should kick at being kicked. Ten dollars for legs, uppers and soles! while souls, and miserable souls at that, are bringing twenty thousand dollars in Sacramento! Ten dollars! ten dollars! gone at ten dollars! Next is something that you ought to have, gentlemen—a lot of good gallowses—sometimes called suspenders. I know that some of you will, after a while, be furnished at the State's expense, but you can't tell which one, so buy where they're cheap. All that deserve to be hanged are not supplied with a gallows; if so, there would be nobody to make laws, condemn criminals, or hang culprits, until a new election. Made of pure gum-elastic—stretch like a judge's conscience, and last as long as a California office-holder will steal; buckles of pure iron, and warranted to hold so tight

that no man's wife can rob him of his breeches; are, in short, as strong, as good, as perfect, as effectual and as bona-fide as the ordinance against Chinese shops on Dupont street—gone at twenty-five cents.

THE MAN WITH A GLASS EYE.

As the train on the Kansas Pacific pulled away from the Sixteenth street depot a few mornings since, a tall, angular specimen of humanity took a seat opposite a lady passenger, and to all appearances was intently engaged in studying her face. At first the lady treated the rudeness with good-natured indifference, but at last it began to tell on her nerve. It was a peculiar and astonishing piece of impertinence. He apparently had the faculty of looking two ways at once. One of his eyes was restless, excited, and roved in all directions. The other, fixed and stony, was fastened on her with an undeviating stare. She turned her head away, but it intercepted her vision. She tried to hide behind a paper, but she felt that cruel eye piercing through the screen and creeping with a stony look over her features. It seemed to be picking them up one by one and examining them carefully. The thing became unendurable, and she cried out to him fiercely:

"Sir, why do you look at me so persistently?"

"Me, madam? Why, bless my soul! I haven't been looking at you."

"You have, sir—for a half-hour or so your eye has been absolutely riveted on my face."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, isn't it?" lifting his finger to his left optic.

"Yes, sir, it's that eye."

"Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It generally looks any way it pleases—it gives me a good deal of trouble. A great many complain of it. At first I thought they were making fun of me, but I've found out different now. I've been knocked down two or three times for the impertinence of that eye. I would leave it out altogether, only for the looks of the thing. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman," and he brought his other eye to bear upon her in undisguised admiration.

The lady laughingly accepted the explanation, and the rest of the journey was passed very pleasantly by both of them.

"THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR MUST NEVER TOUCH MINE."

You are coming to woo me, but not as of yore,
When I hastened to welcome your ring at the door;
For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then,
Was the brightest and truest, the noblest of men.
Your lips on my own when they printed "farewell,"
Had never been soiled by the "beverage of hell;"
But they come to me now with the Bacchanal sign,
And the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

I think of the night in the garden alone,
When in whispers you told me your heart was my own—
That your love in the future should faithful be,
Unshared by another, only kept for me;
Oh! sweet to my soul is the memory still,
Of the lips that met mine, when they murmured "I will;"
But now to their pressure no more they incline,
For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

Oh, John! how it crushed me, when first in your face
The pen of the "Rum Fiend" had written "disgrace,"
And turned me in silence and tears from that breath,
All poisoned and foul from the chalice of death;
It shattered the hopes I had treasured to last;
It darkened the future and clouded the past;
It shattered my idol, and ruined the shrine,
For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

I loved you—oh, dearer than language can tell,
And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it too well;
But the man of my love was far other than he
Who now from the tap-room comes reeling to me,
In manhood and honor so noble and right—
His heart was so true and his genius so bright—
And his soul was unstained, unpolluted by wine;
But the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

You promised reform, but I trusted in vain—
Your pledge was made but to be broken again;
And the lover so false to his promises now,
Will not, as a husband, be true to his vow.
The word must be spoken that bids you depart,
Though the effort to speak it should shatter my heart;
Though in silence, with blighted affection, I pine,
Yet the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

If one spark in your bosom of virtue remain,
Go fan it with prayer till it kindle again;
Resolved, with "God helping," in future to be
From wine and its follies unshackled and free;
And when you have conquered this foe of your soul,
In manhood and honor, beyond his control,
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

TAKING TOLL.

In the door of the mill stood Richard Lee;
White as an image of snow was he
From his heavy boots to his beautiful lips,
From the crown of his hat to his finger tips.

Now, slowly jogging along the street,
Drove Farmer Brown and his grist of wheat,
And with him Bessie, as fresh as the spring,
And ripe as the fruit the fall months bring.

While the farmer drove about the town,
Young Lee ground the wheat and bolted it down;
With many a glance at the maiden fair
Who sat by the door in the oaken chair.

At last he called her in shouting tones,
And she stood by the whirling, rumbling stones,
And watched the grain as it ebbed so still,
Till the farmer came; but the noise of the mill

Drowned the sound of his feet, and over the hopper
Two heads were bent; and when Richard Lee
Saw him standing there, he stammered, "I see—

"That is"—then he paused and shuffled his feet;
"I think there are weevils in your wheat!"
But the farmer smiled and said, "Well, Bess,
Of the two evils always choose the less."

And the maiden looked down confused and meek,
With a patch of flour on either cheek.
Still the old man didn't take it ill,
For he knew young Richard owned the mill.

But he mused, as they slowly rode away,
"Well, I've been to the mill now many a day—
Say forty odd years—but bless my soul!
That chap beat all of them taking toll."

KELLY'S FERRY.

Have you read in any book, heard anybody tell,
Of the gallant Third Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Bell,
So like in shaggy ruggedness a mountain full of lairs,
That when they cheered you never knew the Buckeye from the bears?
Ah! they loved the River Danger, as Satan loves to sin;
Just drew their belts another hole, and then they waded in—
Waist deep, chin deep the fellows went, nor drew a doubting breath;
No halting for an order, nor touch of hat to death!
"Go in!" and "Third Ohio!" their battle-cry and faith.

Their talk was rough as boulders are, and when they named the flag,
They christened it "Old Glory," or just "That blessed rag;"
Somebody fell—"passed in his checks"—was all they had to say;
"God's country" was the happy land of "boiled shirts," every day;
They told of "wooden overcoats," and rude, board coffins meant,
And thought they were a snugger fit than any Sibley tent:
But count the ragged blouses up, be sure the tale is true,
Each hides a handful of a heart beneath the tattered blue,
That always played the forward, march! and never beat tattoo.

One Derby day, they rode a raid, and never drew the rein;
They rode as if they never meant to ride that route again.
The long, clean sweep of a trenchant blade where bonny flags burned blue,
And not a rift in all the field to let a star-beam through.
Down came a mantle broad and deep, as comes the dusk of night,
In folds of gray and butternut, and swept them out of sight,
And swept them from their saddle bows, and set their faces South,
And made a Daniel of the troop for Richmond's lion mouth,
And shriveled shut the bannered star like daisies in a drouth.

"But why not tell it as it was?" I hear a fellow shout.
"Just make a finish of the thing, and say they bowled us out—
One swallow, and the regiment was fairly gobbled up—
Scooped by the blasted Johnny Rebs, like water in a cup.
They brushed us clean of cavalry, the infantry of clothes,
And left the Third Ohio boys as naked as a nose."

For heavy baggage only hearts, each haversack was lank;
Nor flag nor fife to cheer along the dull, disastrous rank;
Ah! deader than the march in Saul, a canteen's empty clank.

Along the road the weary miles lay quivering in the sun,
While naked Noon, with brazen blows, did weld them into one,
That naked feet must measure off before the work was done.
The days and boys crept slowly on—'twas thirst, and starve, and tramp,
Until they tumbled, supperless, beside a Southern camp.
The Fifty-fourth Virginians came, like long-flanked leopard cats,
With dingy pipes of corn-cob, in their shapeless, battered hats,
And, lean as stakes, they stood around, and watched the novel sight
Of colors struck, and empty hands, and "Yankees flying light."

Not long they gazed, but bolted with an "Old Dominion" whoop,
Promoted in a twinkling to a commissary troop!
You heard the click of coffee-mills, the merry bayonet stroke;
The camp was turbaned like a Turk with wreaths of cedar smoke;
Then came the clang of frying-pan, the kettle's tambourine;
They routed out the lazy fires, and tucked the "dodgers" in;
The martyred bacon made complaint, and clouds of incense rose—
Oh! sweeter than the censer's swing to gain a soul's repose,
The Boys in Gray forgot that night the Boys in Blue were foes.

So sped the night in brotherhood, and when the dawning came,
They tucked two figures in their hearts, two figures and a name—
And hand met hand in soldier grip, no word of courtly thanks:
One said, "Good-bye, Virginia," and one, "Light out, you Yanks."
Still war's wild weather ruled the year, November to July;
Deep thunders in the Cumberland, and lightnings in the sky.
The raiders were their own again; to Lookout back they came;
They told the tale a thousand times, it ended all the same.
The "Fifty-fourth Virginia" toasts set hearts and cheeks aflame,
And cheers flew wild, like sparks of fire—two figures and a name.

The Hawk's Nest hatched great broods of blue; they chipped the butternut shell,
And fluttered up the rugged ridge against the gates of hell—
How fierce and grand the flight and swoop, let Chattanooga tell.

Lo! 'mid the captives whirling down, their faces to the North,
All wrapped like kittens in a cloak, Virginia's Fifty-fourth!
With bodies lean and faces long, they trailed in straggling rank,
And clustered like bepollened bees upon the river bank.

There on the lazy Tennessee the Third Ohio lay,
From Kelly's poor old ferry a rifle-shot away;
The sturdy boys were "keeping house" amid the mountain glooms,
And the smoky Sibley cones, like a rainy night's mushrooms,
Had spread their gray umbrellas, with narrow streets between,
And a flicker of a bayonet, a glitter of canteen,
As flitting spots of indigo pinked out the living green.

A lounging Buckeye took a look, saw "Old Virginia" come,
And broke for camp with lively feet, as drumsticks beat a drum.
Before he struck the picket line, he emptied every tent;
He never staid for stock or stone, but shouted, as he went—
What golden bugles should have blown, and made "a joyful noise:"
"THE FIFTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA IS AT THE FERRY, BOYS!"
Three minutes, and the camp had swarmed; they bought the sutler out,
And brought their treasures to the light, and strewed them round about,
And nothing but a night surprise could raise so wild a rout.

The kettle filled with Araby upon their muskets swung;
A bag of "hard-tack." tough as tiles, upon a shoulder slung;
A slab of bacon, broad and brown, as if it came from mill;
And so the laden caravan went filing down the hill.
The hosts were guests, the guests were hosts, and this alone was new;
The standard blazed with all its stars above the "bonny blue."
With winking camp-fires' dancing lights and dew-drops' beaded shine,
The night air mantled rich and red as old Madeira wine,
Toned down the mellow pictures, and made it half divine.

Arms won the game at Mission Ridge, and played the hand alone;
At Kelly's Ferry hearts were trumps, and *everybody* won.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

AN exchange inquires: "Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?

FANNY AND I.

I had been very angry with Fanny, and Fanny had been very angry with me. She had flirted with Fitz Foodle, and I had revenged myself by flirting with Miss Brown. So we had parted. You may smile, but it was rather serious to me at that time. We had given back rings and locks of hair—mine was red—and letters; and we passed each other in the street without a glance, and somebody told me she was engaged to Fitz Foodle. I don't know what they told her, but her little face was two inches longer than it used to be.

Make up? No, indeed, we never were going to make up—never! There could be no reconciliation for us—of that I was sure. I wrote a piece of poetry and called it "Parted Forever," and sent it to the paper. The editor declined it with thanks. It was a touching thing, though, I feel sure, and I shed tears over it.

Of course when I happen to meet her I feel the iron pierce my soul; and when I didn't meet her for a long time I was still more wretched. At last, one day, I stepped upon a crowded Brooklyn ferry boat and trod upon some one's dress. I apologized; she turned; it was Fanny. I gave her an awful look. She gave me another. Then I stared at nothing, and the boat started, and the great train of white foam followed us, and the big towers of the bridge loomed up before us, and the passengers pushed and poked each other, and a woman with a market basket, with sausage and limburger cheese in it, stood back to back with Fanny, and an infant with molasses candy took hold of my coat sleeve with its sticky hand, while its mother instructed it that I wasn't pa, and the horses attached to the wagons stamped about, and I was within an inch of Fanny—Fanny whom I used to kiss as much as I liked—and dared not touch her; and I thought of plunging overboard and dying before her eyes—when crash! crash! crash! The most awful noise, the most horrible ringing, clanging sound ringing in our ears, and every man said words not in the catechism, and some one called out: "The boiler is burst and we're all going to the bottom!" And I—what I had cried out was "Fanny!" and what she had cried out was "Will!" and now I had her in my arms. I held her close, and said, "Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" and she sobbed, "Oh, Will, Will!"

"Oh, forgive me, Fanny," I said; "we can't die angry with each other!"

"Oh, forgive me, Will," said she; "it is all my fault."

"Oh, no," said I, "it was all mine; but we'll die together, darling. Better die than live apart."

"Oh, no," said she, "not now; we must live for each other. Oh, save me! try to save me—try to save me!"

"I will," I said; "I'll try to swim, Fanny; I'll get a life-preserver."

I dragged her toward the spot where the life-perservers were kept and handed one down. I did not notice what other people were doing—I did not care. I fastened the preserver about Fanny, and put another about my own body and took her in my arms. In a moment more I should have jumped over with her, but some one caught my coat tails.

"Stop!" said a voice. "I say—are you going crazy? There's nothin' the matter. The boiler isn't busted. The noise was only a lot of iron bars and rails spilled out of a wagon over there. It skeered most of us, but we've all come to ourselves but you."

So they had. Most of them stood grinning at us; and Fanny grew red as a rose as I unharnessed her, and then took off my own life-saving jacket.

We had quite restored the spirits of the company, especially the lady with the Limburger in a basket, who evidently thought us the greatest joke of the season. But what did it matter? We owed too much to that foolish fright to mind being laughed at; and as I tucked the dear girl's arm under mine at the dock I felt happier than a king. A man was driving slowly before us with a load of iron bars in a wagon.

"Are you the man that scared us all on the boat just now?"

"Yes, but it's none of your business," said he.

I gave him five dollars on the spot, and I suppose he thought I was crazy. He did not know what he had done for us.

THE PINCH BUG.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S COMPOSITION.

The pinch bug belongs to the animal kingdom. He is the boss bug. He is useful to put on your sister so'st she'll squeal. He is a good friend of lamps when they're burning. He is pious. He likes to tend church. He flies right in the open window and every woman thinks he's right over her head, and she feels like squealing. It's fun to see a pinch bug to church. They don't feel good on you. When they light on the back of your neck they are almost worse than a caterpillar. A caterpillar is pretty bad, but a pinch bug is worse. You holler and want somebody to take it off right away. A woman's fraider of a pinch bug than of thunder'n lightning.

Once I went on a steamboat excursion. It was down the Fox River. I'd rather go on an excursion than be licked any day. Well, there was a storm. Storms are jolly when there's lots of people to it. They're better'n a matinee. The lightning made blue rings around the top of the smoke-stack. There was a lady

to that excursion. She thought the lightning was perfectly charming. She said it was too sweet for anything. She got out her handkerchief and tried to flirt with it. She got so close to the smoke-stack that if the lightning had had the small-pox she'd caught it, sure. She didn't seem to care no more about it than having a feller around. Well, after awhile the storm stopped, and they were setting on stools on the outside, and along came a pinch bug and thought he'd go to roost. So he picked out her neck and settled. You'd a thought she was struck by lightning. She wanted to squeal awful bad. She wanted to so bad she couldn't hardly do it at all. If she could have squealed as bad as she wanted to, 'twould have been perfectly awful. Well, she made so much fuss you'd of thought there was an elephant in her neck. It was a good deal worse than thunder'n lightning. The show kept on going—it was a regular menagerie, with lots of side-shows with big women and little men and snakes and hand-organs, and everything until her feller clawed it out. It was awful jolly—you bet. Next to going fishing I like pinch bugs.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs.
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;

The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the whooping-cough;
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined;
In short, it was no use to try,
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And pryed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,
To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe;
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright, and quickly said,
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see,
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among his grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
His cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins-
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marveled more and more
To see the increase in his store.

And now the merry farmer sings
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up your horseshoe the right way."

AN INCIDENT ON THE CARS.

"Cars stop twenty minutes for refreshments," called out Conductor Richardson, at Allen's Junction.

Then, as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the station platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back with me to the first passenger coach, and see a little girl that I hardly know what to make of."

The engineer nodded, without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands in a bunch of "waste," took a look at his grimy, dusty face in the narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam-gauge, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for his soft, felt hat—taking these "dress-up" articles from the tender-box, where an engineer always has something stowed away for an emergency—and went back to the coach, as requested.

He entered the coach, and made his way to the seat where the kind-hearted conductor sat talking to a bright-looking little girl about nine years' old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank appeared.

She held up her hand to him, with a winning smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first before Susie and Willie. My papa used to tell me after he sho'd be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must go on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont, and he said if the conductor wouldn't let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer, and tell him I was James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M—— and G—— road."

The pleading blue eyes were now full of tears, but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank now quickly stooped and kissed her very tenderly, and then, as he brushed away the tears from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, you are little Bessie Kendrick? It's my opinion a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then, turning around to the group of passengers, he went on: "I knew Jim Kendrick, the father of this little girl, well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana—before I got acclimated—I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got home-sick and discouraged—could not keep my board bill paid up, not to mention my doctor's bill, and didn't much care whether I lived or died.

"One day when the pay car came along, and the men were getting their monthly wages, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't been free from the ague, nor worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so 'blue' that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head on my hands, and cried like a great boy out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon one of the railroad men came along and said in a voice that sounded like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy out there, although the boys were all good to me in their way: 'You have been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty-dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face: 'Indeed, I cannot take the money. You need every cent of it yourself.'

"'Indeed, you will take it, man,' said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few days, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies; it will do you good.'

"I took the bank-note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently until he moved away, and gradually I lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I rather guess Jim Kendrick's little girl here will not want for anything if I can help it."

Then turning again to the child, whose blue eyes were wide enough now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me, Bessie dear, when we get up to

Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether those Vermont relations really want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go on with you. But if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless his memory."

Just then the eastern train whistled. "All aboard," was shouted, engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to his engine, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and sympathetic passengers could not repress the tears this touching little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction. *Mrs. Annie A. Preston.*

THE BUREAU DRAWER.

The man who will invent a bureau drawer which will move in and out without a hitch, will not only secure a fortune, but will attain to an eminence in history not second to the greatest warriors. There is nothing, perhaps (always excepting a stove pipe), that will so exasperate a man as a bureau drawer which will not shut. It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end while the other swings in as far as it can. It is the custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. If any one has succeeded in closing a drawer by so doing, he will confer a favor by sending his address to this office. We have seen men do this several times, and then run from the other side of the room, and jump with both feet against the obstinate end. This doesn't appear to answer the purpose any better; but it is very satisfying. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a bureau drawer Saturday morning, but it was an abortive effort. Finally she burst into tears. Then Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside and see him do it.

"You see," observed Mr. Holcomb, with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That's what makes it stick. Now, anybody but a woman would see at once that to move a drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this other end even with the other—so; then I take hold of both knobs, and with an equal pressure from each hand the drawer moves easily in. See?"

The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly.

"Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again. Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back; it moved

as if it were on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn.

"Perhaps you ain't got the ends adjusted," suggested the happy Mrs. Holcomb.

Mr. Holcomb made no reply. Were it not for an increased flush in his face, it might have been doubted if he heard the remark at all. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her, but it didn't move.

"Are you sure you got everything out of there you want?" he finally asked, with a desperate effort to appear composed.

"O! *that's* what you are stopping for, is it? But you needn't. I have got what I wanted; you can shut it right up."

Then she smiled a very wicked smile. He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the obdurate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye. But it did not move. He pushed harder.

"Oah, ooh!" he groaned. "I'm afraid you haven't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested. A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure.

"What dumb fool put this drawer together, I'd like to know?" he snapped out. She made no reply, but she felt that she had not known such happiness since the day she stood before the altar with him, with orange blossoms in her hair.

"I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb?" he jerked out.

"I ain't done anything to it," she replied.

"I know better," he asserted.

"Well, know what you please for all I care," she sympathetically retorted.

The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his mouth grew whiter.

"I'll shut that drawer, or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jumped up and gave it a passionate kick.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. He dropped on his knees again, and grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might, but it didn't move.

"Why in heaven's name don't you open the window? Do you want to smother me?" he passionately cried.

It was warm; dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face, and ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily at the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth, but he did not notice them. He would have given five dollars if he had not touched the accursed bureau. He would have given ten if he had never been born. He threw all his weight on the knobs. It moved them. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance, and

brought his burning face against the bureau with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water, to a degree that was blinding. Then he went out on the back stoop and sat for an hour scowling at the scenery.

DON'T PROPOSE.

Only don't propose to me! I really like you so;
We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast, you know.
We can brighten for each other best the revel's careless hours;
We can gather from each other still the moment's passing flowers;
We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows
Through sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you won't propose.

No voice suits mine so well as yours, in gay duet or song,
No other arm can guide me safe, through the polka's whirling throng;
No other laugh re-echoes half so merrily to mine,
No other hand so tastefully my bouquet's flowers can twine;
None *save* me half so cleverly from *bores*—my deadliest foes;
I cannot do without you—oh! I hope you won't propose!

Why will you talk of sentiment? you never used to talk
Of aught but fun or nonsense, in long quadrille or walk.
Why will you sigh? I really like your ringing laugh the best.
Why frown at me for lingering with another joyous guest?
Why will you talk of hopes and fears? why hint at friendship's close?
You never used to tease me so—oh! I hope you won't propose!

For you know I would refuse you—I must love before I wed;
What should we do together when the summer sun had fled?
And then, we must be strangers—must pass each other by,
With flushing cheek and distant bow, and cold, averted eye.
Why doom our gay companionship to so dolorous a close?
We like each other much too well—I hope you won't propose!

Let us still be smiling when we part, and happy when we meet;
Let us together pluck the bloom of the flowers at our feet;
Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh, and sing, and dance;
And flirt a little now and then, to speed the hour, perchance.
Oh! there's a deal of pleasure in sunny links like those;
Don't break the rosy ties just yet—*dear* Charley, don't propose!

THE OLD WOMAN TO THE VETERAN.

So you say you saw my darling where the bayonets were flashing?
Long ago he packed his knapsack, and his weary way he went,
Where the drums were loudly beating, and the glittering arms were clashing,
And the bugle's clarion notes with the shriek of shells were blent.

Oh, he bore the parting bravely, and he went away so proudly,
That the mother merged in woman, and could but admire his will,
Which controlled the sacred parting—and he whistled, oh, so loudly—
As a boy can only whistle—'twas the "Sword of Bunker Hill."

Merrily they marched away, with silken banners flying,
And martial music playing a soul-stirring strain;
And maidens waved their handkerchiefs, though many a maid was crying
At parting with her lover, whom she ne'er might see again.
Very regularly his letters—always full of home and cheery—
They filled the house with sunshine, and they filled my heart with joy;
But at last there came sad news, which made me heartsick and weary;
Death had been at work—the victim, a playmate of my boy.

Yes, Will, our nearest neighbor's boy, who went with him, had sickened;
In the hospital he lay, while a fever burned his brain,
And his youthful pulse, which once to the beat of drums had quickened,
Slowly beat, and beat slower, till it ceased to beat again.

There were marks of many tears upon my dear boy's letter,
As he wrote of Willie's suffering—of the last words on his tongue.
I loved the boy—I wept—for I had known him better
Than his mother, who died when Willie was quite young.

At last there was a battle, and a list of killed and wounded,
Which I read with aching heart, and scanned often and again;
I thanked God that he was safe; but, alas! for hopes ill-founded,
There came a list of missing, and in it was his name.

* * * * * * * *

Oft the spring has opened blossoms on cherry and on apple,
And the tall acacia trees on the summer shook their bloom;
Oft the autumn burned the leaves on hickory, beech, and maple,
But no news of my boy, through all these years of gloom.

In the porch I sometimes sit, of these afternoons so pleasant,
And I look to see him coming along the graveled walk;
And often, in my day-dreams, I think that he is present,
And listen with a wond'ring ear to hear his soldier talk—

Of the armies of the Union, countless past all believing,
Not a tithe of which could stand on the acres of our lawn—
Of the marches day by day, from early morn till evening—
The welcoming bivouac at night, the breaking camp at dawn;

Of the dark and dreary nights when he was out on picket;
When behind every tree there lurked the form of death;
When every leaf that rustled within the gloomy thicket
Brought the heart into the mouth, and almost stilled the breath;

How our brave boys held the ground until they were surrounded;
When they cut their way through, with the colonel at the head,
While all along their path lay the Rebel dead and wounded,
And there, too, alas! lay our own wounded and dead.

Long ago they came home, the few that were remaining,
Of all the brave boys who went away so full of joy;
We gave them hearty welcome, but many tears were raining
For the dear ones left behind—and I wept for my boy.

And I often ask myself, was he shot, or did he languish,
Heart-sick and hopeless, in some prison far away
To the South? But even now to me, oh, the thought, the thought is anguish,
That my boy should have worn out his life thus, day by day.

I know that God is good—know it past all doubting, truly—
Yet oftentimes there comes a strange feeling in my breast,
As if I feared that God had not ordered all things duly—
Still I know that He is good, and all things are for the best.

I am growing old—so old I scarce can read the worn letter,
The last letter that he wrote, the dear, the missing one;
And feel my days are numbered in this world; but in a better—
In a better, shall I hear some tidings of my son?

Alfred B. Miller.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'-handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed, with a sarcastic smile:

"*You* hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons. But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs. I is one of the house-top saints, sonny."

"House-top saints! What kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl. "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce any whar; but the Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation," replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me!*"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint."

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge-pole; and dare I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em, and mounts. Ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all his children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and

mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up sta'rs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy; I doesn't desarve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"'Phoo,' says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', "I's no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's beloved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n," as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!'

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it hain't fotched him up. De poor deluded cretur thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top."

"That's very true, Sibyl, but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den! cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down his shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why, dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like the worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den old King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or

sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her. Den she said to me, one dead-o'-night, 'Oh Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'—'O Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! Your clothes and your face and your hands shine like silver, Sibby!' says she.

"'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from the cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays?'

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin, "Glory to God," and talkin' o' Him on the house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, O Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y katch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"'Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?' says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

"'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'Well, den,' says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.'

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face lit up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singing—

"'In my han' no price I bring,
Simple to dy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now. But he is close by 'em, and he smooves deir

soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin'-place. You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help o' de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de old sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty gineral. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him that I can hear his bones crack—mostly. I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat are work is got to be done. You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, Sister Sibby,'—Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister,'—'and if Adam was only a peart r man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he sails me when I'se weak. Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says in de words o' Scripter, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high 'nough to hide Him that is my strength!' And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes-bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan, for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cheer my spirits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most gineral; and I goes 'bout my work a singin':

"'My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain:
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all your might and main!
Hololujah!'"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick, and dat's de way he tacks rich and grand folks, most gineral. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corncake in times gone, I used to git low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me. Satan makes great weepons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him. Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey. But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory. But, la, honey, how de time has flew! I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace, some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory." *Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.*

"GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL."

About the room the Christmas greens
In rich profusion hung,
While sparkling in their gilded dress
Those graceful vines among,
Were fitting mottoes wrought with care
Each with its wealth of good,
And *this* of all that decked those walls,
The children's favorite stood—
"God bless our school."

It glittered in the morning sun
In characters of gold,

As beautiful at noontide hour,
  Like Truth that ne'er grows old;
What though the storms were fierce without,
  With low-hung clouds of gloom,
A halo crowned those sacred words,
  Its radiance filled the room—
    "God bless our school."

Once to my side a fair young child
  Came with her eyes of blue,
So full of light and innocence,
  Pure thoughts were there I knew.
"Teacher," said she, "I wonder so
  If it can really be,
That God, who lives high up above,
  Looks down from heaven to see,
    And bless our school."

Oh, what a fitting time to teach
  A sweet and holy truth,
To leave its impress deep engraved
  Upon the mind of youth!
I took the little hand in mine,
  Gazed in that childish face,
And told how He, whose watchful love
  Abides in every place,
    Could bless our school;

And how not e'en a sparrow's fall,
  Not e'en a raven's cry,
Though small they seem, could e'er escape
  The notice of His eye.
The child-face glowed with happy smiles,
  "Ah! now I know," said she,
"If God loves even the little birds,
  He surely cares for me,
    And all our school."

O ye! unto whose tender care
  These little ones are given,
Spurn not the thoughtful questionings,
  But turn their hearts to heaven;
And when ye twine about your rooms
  The rich festoons of green
There place among those graceful vines
  These golden words to gleam—
    "God bless our school."

MR. SPOOPENDYKE EXPLAINS THE WEATHER BUREAU.

"I see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid the paper down—"I see that we are to have rising, followed by falling barometer, with north-east to south-west winds, and higher or lower temperature, with clear or partly cloudy weather and light rains. How is it they contrive to tell so accurately about the weather? Do you understand it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke; "they do it by observation. They have a man out West observing, and a man down East who observes, and fellows observing around in different parts of the country. They put all their observations together, and we know just what it's going to do."

"I suppose that's what makes the wind so different every morning—when one man's temperature is rising, another's is falling; and when one is clear the rest are partly cloudy, with——"

"No, they ain't. Each observer sends in what he observes, and then the chief makes up his mind from those reports what the weather will be. Can you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, rubbing her elbows. "If one sees the barometer rising, and another sees it falling, and it's cold in one place and cloudy in another, they all say so. But I should think when one hits it right the others would be awful mad."

"What would they get mad about?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't imagine that they all get together and fight it out, do you? They take the weather from different points and combine it, and then they parcel it out among the different regions. For instance, if it snows in the East and is warm in the West, they strike an average for the lake region. Now, what's the average between heat and snow?"

"Rain," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted with her sagacity. "I see how it is now. They take what is usually going on, and equalize it all over the country. I'm glad the Democrats weren't elected."

"What have they got to do with it? Do you think a barometer is a politician?"

"No. But if the Democrats had been elected they would have had to change it all, wouldn't they? And the South would have got the best share. That's what the Repub——"

"Dodgast the Republicans! They've got no more to do with that than you have. You've got an idea that they throw the barometers and observers into one end of a steam engine and the weather comes out of the other. They don't make weather. The weather makes itself. It's the only one self-supporting thing

about the Government. And these signal men only watch it, and tell what's going to be."

"I suppose when these observers all get together and talk it over, that is called a storm center, isn't it?"

"That's it!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've got the weather now. All you want is your name painted on the handle and the spring broken to be an umbrella. They don't talk it over; they tell what they know, and it is fixed up in Washington. They agree on it there, and then telegraph it all over the country. A storm center travels around everywhere. It is generally made in Manitoba, and then sent down here."

"How wide is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, deeply interested. "Because, if it isn't too big, I should think they might stop it."

"Wide? It's about a feet wide! Just a feet! Just about as wide as your measly information. How're they going to stop it? S'pose it travels on a railroad train? Think it jaws the sleeping-car conductor because there's only an upper berth left? Well it don't. It hires a horse. That's the way it comes. It hires a horse!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, "and the only way to stop it is to build a fence around it. There was some talk about burning the last one, but the wood was wet."

"Well, my dear, you needn't get angry about it," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly; "I only thought there might be some way they could make some arrangements about it. I think storm centers are horrid, and the observer in Manitoba must have a hard time. If he has to observe much in the winter, he he must be nearly frozen."

"Does any human being know what you're thinking about?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "Do you s'pose he goes around with a spy-glass looking behind rocks? Think he prowls around all night with a dodgasted lantern, hunting up storm centers? Got an idea that he runs around under the bed with a broom, like a measley married woman I know of, and when he catches a center, pulls him out by the leg and observes him? He don't do anything of the sort. He has 'em in to spend the evening with him, and he gets 'em drunk, and finds what they're up to. Understand it now? All you want to do is to whirl around twice and squeak nights to be a weather-vane."

"I didn't know how they did it," quoth Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently, "but I see it now. If the Prohibitionists had been elected he couldn't have done that, and we would have been in a bad way. Now that I understand it, I'll learn the indications every morning. How does a barometer rise and fall?"

"With jack-screws, dodgast it!" thundered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sometimes they haul it up with a stump machine; then they

drop a carpenter's shop on it. When it gets very low they blow it up with gun-cotton. Once in Dakota it got so high they had to dig a hole and ram it down with a spile-driver. Got it now? Begin to see through it? What you need is a box of pills and a conundrum to be an almanac!"

And Mr. Spoopendyke jumped out of the house like a conical shot, and banged the door after him.

"I never quite understood it before," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, speculating whether she would put the plume on the side or back part of her hat, "but now that he's made it plain to me, I wonder they don't observe by steam. It must be awful hard on the poor men." And, having decided upon the plume, Mrs. Spoopendyke filled her mouth with pins, and crawled under the bed in search of her thimble. *Brooklyn Eagle.*

MISS JONES AND THE BURGLAR.

Most women on earth have a natural dread
That a bold, wicked burglar is under their bed;
So the last thing they do, ere retiring at night,
Is to take lamp or candle and see that all's right.

'Tis strange, though, a man never bothers his head
To look for a woman stowed under his bed;
A woman's ne'er content to close eyes in sleep
Until for a man she hath taken a peep.

Now Miss Jones was a spinster of forty or more,
Who made bonnets, dresses, and kept a small store;
She had goods for the ladies, and goods for the gents,
And 'twas said had a fortune of dollars and cents.

She lived all alone, and had often been told,
That she'd surely be robbed of her silver and gold;
So she'd glance 'neath the bed after closing each night,
To feel safely secure, and know all was right.

One dark, stormy night, she closed up the store,
And looked as she'd done "*seven thousand times before.*"
She was rewarded at last, for there, with his head
Turned toward her, lay a man stretched under her bed.

She did not as some place herself in bad plight
By calling for neighbors or screaming with fright,
Or by taking the broom to punch at his head,
But quietly undressed her, and got into bed.

To take him at advantage was what she desired,
So lay still as a cat, after she had retired;
She heard a sly movement soon under the bed—
On all fours he came crawling, she grabbed for his head.

With a vice-grip she caught him, each ear she held fast,
The burglar thought judgment was coming at last.
Thump! thump! went his head down 'gainst the hard floor,
He begged hard for mercy, as he ne'er begged before.

"I mistook this for my own room," the wretch loudly cries,
"And got 'neath the bed to get clear of the flies.'
"Flies, forsooth, indeed, at night!" Miss Jones meekly said,
And each time that she spoke, bump, bump, went his head.

A sleepy policeman, who was just coming past,
Forced the door for the neighbors, who came rushing in fast;
The burglar to the lock-up was escorted that night,
His head, eyes, and ears a most pitiful sight.

The judge in the morn on him six months bestowed,
And applauded Miss Jones for the courage she showed;
And as she still looks 'neath her bed every night,
Bad luck to the burglar caught in the same plight.

S. S. Waggoner.

WHO DID IT?

In the year 1844 I was entertained at the house of a lady and gentleman who had a boy—one of the most beautiful boys I ever saw. He had the dark-gray eye, the broad brow, the rosy cheek, the ruby lip, the pearly teeth, the rounded limb—a perfect picture of health, and peace, and innocence, and joy, and childish beauty. His age was about seven years. I became so attached to the boy that I loved to play with him, to romp with him, to carry him upon my back, to roll over and over with him upon the lawn. I remained in the house nearly a week. I became wonderfully attached to the boy. There was something spiritual about him—something so lovely, so sweet, so pure. I was playing with him one day, and a gentleman said to me: "Mr. Gough, there's a drunken man lying over in the field on the hill-side." I said: "Harry, come, let us see the drunken man," perhaps thoughtlessly. We walked down to the foot of the lawn, and I remember looking over the fence, while the boy peeped through the bars, and there lay a man, bloated and offensive to every sense, his face purple and blistering in the hot summer sunlight, his mouth wide open, and the summer flies buzzing about and crawling in and out upon the dry tongue. It was a most dis-

gusting sight. The little fellow took hold of my hand as if he were frightened, and said: "What is the matter with the man?" I said: "Well, he is drunk; he has been drinking intoxicating liquors." I took the boy back and sat down upon the bank, and sought to teach him. I said, "Harry, you will never drink?" "No." "Never touch it?" "No." The boy grew to be a young man, and went to college. He married at twenty-two. Twenty-two or twenty-three years after I saw him, a boy of seven years of age, his mother wrote me: "Come and pay us a visit, if you can, and do something, for God's sake, to save my boy!" I went. Harry came into the room. His gray eyes dim and blood-shot, his lips dry and covered, as it seemed, almost with fish scales; sensuality seated upon those cracked, broken lips of his—the whole man was revolting. He shook hands with me, and I said: "Is this Harry?" "Yes, and I've got a boy just about the same age as I was when you played with me—ha! ha! ha!" Is this Harry?—blear-eyed, bloated, sensual. Yes, and at the age of thirty-two he died by his own hand. This is one victim among hundreds and thousands—only one, and the work goes on day by day, and year by year, until it is absolutely appalling. What did the work? If it were an epidemic, the whole of the people would be up in wonder, and every physician would be called into requisition to do something to stay the plague. Harry fell a victim to the drinking customs of society. Who gave him his first glass? that is the question. And who gave him his last? I had rather be the man who gave him his last glass than the man who gave him his first. Who helped him down? Nobody. If a man were to receive one hundred lashes, and those one hundred lashes would just destroy life, and one hundred men were to give them, and the victim after running the gantlet of the rest at the last blow falls, and his quivering spirit flies into eternity—who killed him? "Why, you, the man who gave the last blow, killed him." "Oh, no! he was nearly dead when he got to me. He never could have recovered. I just gave him a stroke when the mischief had been done." Go to the man who struck him before. "Did you kill him?" "Oh, no! I struck him, to be sure, but you can't lay it to me?" Who killed him? Nobody! and when God makes inquisition for blood, the blood of the victims that are crying for vengeance from the ground to-day, from whom will He require it? Nobody! And yet the work is done, and it is being done day after day, and week after week, and year after year.

I charge intemperance with the loss of men, with the wreck of men's intellect, of men's genius, of all that makes men noble. We might call, if necessary, upon the drunken dead to wipe the grave dust crumbling from their brows, and in tattered shreds and bony whiteness to stalk before them and testify to the terri-

ble influences of these customs. We might call upon the drowned drunkards to come from the slimy ooze and hear them with suffocation's sob and livid lip testify to the power of these customs. We might ask the drink man-slayer to step from the gallows, and, griping his bloody knife, testify to the power of these customs. We might almost bring up, ay! the doomed drunkards sheeted with fire and dripping with the waves of hell, to hear them testify to the deep damnation brought upon them through the fallacy of these drinking customs and their fatal power. I call the drink, then, in question, and what can they bring on the other side to compensate for all this misery, this wreck, and this ruin that we see again and again about us?

A man becomes a drunkard in the estimation of others long before he becomes one in his own. It is difficult to get any one to acknowledge he is drinking too much. Only those in the lowest stage of degradation make any such admission. If a man tells a lie, he is a liar. If he steals once, he is a thief; but to be a drunkard, he must not be intoxicated once, but something like three parts of his time. Why there should be so much distinction with so little difference, I don't know.

John B. Gough.

IN THE MINING TOWN.

'Tis the last time, darling," he gently said,
As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,
While a fond look shone in his eyes of brown!
' My own is the prettiest girl in town!
To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king
So truly blest, on his royal throne,
As I shall be when I claim my own?"

'Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet good-by,
But she watched him go with a troubled sigh.
So, into the basket that swayed and swung
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung.
And the joy of her heart seemed turned to woe
As they lowered him into the depths below.
Her sweet, young face, with its tresses brown,
Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage-bell,
High up in the tower, rang a mournful knell
For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone,
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone.

A sorrowful peal on their wedding-day,
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay,
And the face that looked from her tresses brown,
Was the saddest face in the mining town.

Thus time rolled along on its weary way,
Until fifty years, with their shadows gray,
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes' glow,
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow.
Oh! never the kiss from a husband's lips,
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest heart in the mining town.

Far down in the depths of the mine, one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging away,
They discovered a face, so young, so fair;
From the smiling lip to the bright brown hair,
Untouched by the finger of Time's decay.
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered 'round
To gaze at the man thus strangely found.

Then a woman came from among the crowd,
With her long white hair and her slight form bowed.
She silently knelt by the form of clay,
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.
Then, the sad old face, with its snowy hair
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last, his waiting bride,
And the people buried them side by side.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But why *don't* you get married?" said a rosy-cheeked girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent-looking youth, who blushed up to the eyes at the question.

"Well, I——" said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.

"Well, go on; you what?" said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly reclining nearer to the young man. "Now just tell me right straight out—you what?"

"Why, I——. Oh, pshaw! I don't know."

"You do—I say you do know. Come, now—I want to know."

"Oh, I can't tell you."

"Yes, you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell me, of course, you know, for haven't I always been your friend?"

"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.

"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," continued the maiden, in tender and mellow accents.

"Oh, I do, upon my word—yes, indeed I do, Patty," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Patty had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

Then there was a silence.

"And then—well, Joseph?" said Patty, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"Eh? Oh, well!" said Joseph, dropping his eyes and Patty's hand at the same moment.

"I'm pretty sure you love somebody, Joseph—it's a fact," said Patty, assuming again a tone of raillery. "I *know* you're in love; and, Joseph, why don't you tell me all about it at once?"

"Well, I——"

"*Well, I!* Oh, you silly mortal! what *is* there to be afraid of?"

"Oh, it ain't because I'm afraid of anything at all; and I'll—well, now, Patty, I *will* tell you."

"Well, now, Joseph?"

"I——"

"Eh?"

"I——"

"Yes?"

"I *am* in love! Now don't tell—you won't, will you?" said Joseph, violently seizing Patty by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

"Why, of course, you know, Joseph, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I won't, don't you, Joseph?"

This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Patty were so near Joseph's ear when she spoke, that if he had turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.

"Well, Patty," said Joseph, "I've told you now, and you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and——"

"Yes, Joseph."

"I am sure you would do anything for me that you could——"

"Yes, Joseph, you *know* I would."

"Well, I *thought* so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"I declare, Joseph, I—you might have told me long ago, if you wanted, for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life."

"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but——"

"It's not too late now, you know, Joseph."

"Well, Patty, *do* you think I'm too young to get married?"

"Indeed I do *not*, Joseph, and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, for everybody says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think; and now, Patty, I *do* want to get married, and if you'll just——"

"Indeed, I will, Joseph; you know I was always partial to you—I have said so often behind your back.'

"Thank you, Patty, I have all along thought you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."

"Object! No, I'd die first; you may ask of me just what you please."

"And you'll grant it?"

"I will."

"Then, Patty, I want you to pop the question for me to Fanny O'Neal, for——"

"*What!*"

"Eh?"

"Do you love Fanny O'Neal?"

"Oh, indeed I do, with all my heart."

"I always thought you were a fool."

"Oh!"

"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! Oh, you—you—you *stupid!*" exclaimed the mortified Patty, in a shrill treble, as she gave poor Joseph a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling.

It was noonday, and yet Joseph declared he saw myriads of stars flashing around him, more than he ever saw before in the night time.

"MEASURING THE BABY."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby.

If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim: just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother, and the girls, and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil flat on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing, and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

"We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall."

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out, and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry, I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the other; here they are:

"His eyes were wide as blue bells,

(That's little Jim exactly!)

"His mouth like a flower unblown,

(That's him again!)

"Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown.

"And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the boy again."

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, and there'd be another mark on the door-casing "*so* much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way. You see there's no mark there and it wasn't any superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jennie had kept without knowing why, to the old Bible:

"We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.

"And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown."

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.

LEFT BEHIND.

Oh! hear the music coming, coming up the street;
Oh! hear the muffled marching of swift oncoming feet;
Oh! hear the choral drum beat—the bugle piercing sweet!

Our volunteers are coming, coming up the street;
Throw open wide the windows, beloved ones to greet—
We're ready, waiting, eager, our bonny boy to meet.

Our volunteers are coming! They've lived through every fray,
Through marching, through fighting, through fever's cruel prey,
To be mustered out of service, the gallant boys, to-day!

Your tattered battle banner, unfurl it to the air!
I'm seeking one beneath it—I'll know him bronzed or fair;
Oh! glad returning faces, our darling is not there!

The trumpets clash exultant, the bayonets flash me blind,
And still my eyes are seeking the one I cannot find;
Oh! tell me true, his comrades, have you left our boy behind?

Say, soldiers, did you leave him upon the battle-plain,
Where fiendish shell and canister pour fierce their fiery rain?
Did you leave him with the wounded? or leave him with the slain?

Or, weary in the wasting camp, sore-worn with sun and scar,
Did turn your faces to the north, to homes beloved afar,
And say: "Good-by, we go, but you enlisted for the war!"

Be pitiful, oh! women, with pity softly kind!
You clasp your war-worn veterans—there are mother eyes tear-blind;
There are women broken-hearted for boys left behind.

Can the hero crush the woman, and cry: "Oh! let it be;
Let arms and homes be empty, for thy sake, Liberty!
Oh! generation, perish! The land shall yet be free!"

Oh! hear the music dying, dying on the wind;
And still my eyes are seeking the one I cannot find—
Oh! tell me not of glory, our boy is left behind!

Mary Clemmer Ames.

ON A RICH MAN'S TABLE.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by plight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said: 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
I flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropt from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, from rim to rim.

BROWN'S MISTAKE.

Not many years ago there was a man
His name I'll now call "Brown,"
Who owned a little scrubby farm,
A few miles out of town.
He used to have an old white horse,
A harness and a gig,
He also had a big white cow,
Some chickens and a pig.

His wife, she sometimes did the chores
When he was gone away,
Would feed the pig, and milk the cow,
And give the horse some hay.
For Brown when he was 'way from home,
Most always had a spree,
And when he did come home at night,
Was drunk as he could be.

It happened once when Brown was off
Upon a jolly lark,
His wife, she had to do the chores,
Alone, and in the dark.
She thought perhaps ere morn 'twould rain,
It was such cloudy weather
And so she put both horse and cow,
Into the pen together.

Now Brown, when he came home that night,
Was rather drunk, of course;

A strange freak too, came in his head—
He'd harness up his horse,
So down the road he staggered then,
And cursed for want of light,
But when he reached the barn he found
His things were there all right.

Then, after fussing quite a spell,
He got hitched up his rig,
And picking up the whip and reins
He jumped into the gig.
"Get up, you lazy, old white nag!
Go on you beast," he cried;
"Though dark the night, what do I care?
I'm bound to have a ride!"

But no! the old beast would not go;
All the coaxing was in vain,
Then Brown commenced to curse and swear
And jerk upon the rein.
His wife, she heard him from the house,
And wondered what could be,
So down she came in breathless haste,
With lantern lit to see.

"Why, Brown," she cried, "what does this mean?
You're horrid drunk to-night."
Then going closer up to him,
She held aloft the light.
But back she fell with sudden fear—
The sight was strange, I vow;
For he had not hitched up his horse,
But harnessed up his cow.

DROPPING INTO POETRY.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes the *Eagle* every day."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth.

"You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

"'How softly sweet the autumn air
The dying woodland fills,
And nature turns from restful care——'"

"To anti-bilious pills," added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are——"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is more like this:

"'The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad;
While from the valley comes the roar——'"

"Of the matchless liver-pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes! Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"'How sadly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning Twilight seems to say——'"

"'The old man's drunk again,' wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say: 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? 'Deed it's new. Ben is the name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?" means why did I shove my topper? That's just what Twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid—that's just immense!"

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

"'The merry milkmaid's somber song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along

"'With holes in both her socks,' by Jove!" cried the delighted exchange editor. "You see——"

"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with the vail of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

"'As silently she trips along
In autumn's yellow tracks.'

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in the Brooklyn *Eagle* it don't. Besides, when you say, 'tracks' and 'rocks,' you give the expression of some fellow heaving things to another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with the 'rocks' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

"'And close behind, the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips beside the maiden coy——'"

"'And splits his pantaloons!' Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you——"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now.

The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever.

Brooklyn Eagle.

SABLE THEOLOGY.

"I see so many cullud fr'ens in flappin' rags an' tatahs,
Dat I'se concluded ter discourse on sartin worldly mattahs.
I wouldn't fo' a pair ob mules ax yo' ter wo'ship riches,
But dar's too many cullud folks a diggin' in de ditches,
An' grubbin' in dis Southern sile; we need a few mo' dollahs
Ter gib us all a boost in life as gentlemen an' scholahs.

Yo'll nebah rise above yo' boots or climb de social laddah,
So long as all yo' pocket-books am empty as a bladdah.
Dey'll allus look as lank an' lean as Pharaoh's hungry cattle,
So long as yo' spen' every cent fo' any toy or rattle.
What happens fo' ter meet yo' eyes and strike yo' foolish feelins,
Yo' hones' folks lose all yo' earn; de others all dar stealins.

De oppo'tunity am come ter be a mighty people;
So ebery school-house hab a bell, an' ebery chu'ch a steeple;
With banks, an' fiah insurance, too, an' buildin' 'sociations;
With cullud pussons ownin' lands and monst'ous rice plantations:
When pooah, white trash come trottin' round a tryin' ter borrow money,
An' ebery one be "Mistah" den, and not "Yo' nig," an' "Sonny."

Den every niggah hab enuff, wiv plenty in his dwellin',
An' beat de Ge'mans an' de Jews a buyin' and a sellin';
Dey won't be scratchin' fo' a bite, and beggin' from dar neighbah,
Or gittin' cussed an' battered round fo' doin' all de labah;
"De fust be last, de last be fust." De darkies lib in clovah;
Bress God! de dollah bills be nuff ter covah us all over!

But yo' must wirk ter bring it 'bout; save sumfin from yo' earnin';
Git all de sperience dat you kin by lookin' an' a learnin';
Pay as yo' go fo' what yo' git, be keerful in yo' buyin';
Don't spile yo' reputation, mind, a loafin' an' a lyin;
Don't try ter blossom like de rose by stravagance in dressin',
Den ebery nickel salted down will be a silvah blessin'.

Don't fro' yo' money all away on lottery grabs an' chances;
Keep 'way from brandy jamborees and fashionable dances;

Jess dance yo' ole time "heel an' toe," wid possum pups to' stuffin';
You'll hab a real ole-fashion time what cost you nex ter nuffin'.
Some money put away in banks, the bestest pooah man's plastah,
Be independent like a man, den no one be yo' mastah.

Dar's lots ob white folks all around what talk to yo' like honey,
An' offah chances thick as gnats ter 'vest yer hard-earned money.
Jess wink yo' eye at all sech chaps, be keerful what you's doin';
Dey's fingah-posts put up on legs ter point yo' way ter ruin.
Put all yo' money inter land—dese fancy stocks am rotten—
Raise pigs an' taters, wheat an' rice, wiv Injun corn an' cotton.

All obah dis yer sunny South dars nuffin' dat is surah
Den dat de niggah's comin' on tho' white folks may git poorah.
It's mighty fine ter see de fop what 'sprise his cullud neighbah;
Jess yo' coax from de willin' sile its riches by yo' labah;
Dar's treasure locked up in der sile, yo' labah kin unlock it;
Some day yo' own dat mine yo'self an' put it in yo' pocket.

Be sensible and sobah, frens, industrious an' clebah,
Dese clouds am passin' from de sun—de night won't last forebah;
You hold yo' fortune in yo' han's, be keerful how yo' lose it;
Dame Fortune offahs you her gifts, reach out an' don't refuse it;
Stick to yer labah an' yer homes, ter righteousness and reason;
Learn how ter do de propah thing jest in its propah season.
Yo' needn't sacrifice yo' joys, yo' frolickin' an' playin',
But yo' kin work at propah times an' 'member what I'se sayin';
And' now don't put yo' wrappin's on till I hab finished prayin'.

I. Edgar Jones.

THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS.

In *Genesis* the world began;
'Twas then that God created man.
In *Exodus* the law was given,
As Israel's guide from earth to Heaven.
Leviticus, from Levi's name,
The tribe from which the priesthood came.

Then *Numbers* tells about the way—
What God would have us do and say.
Deuteronomy, which means "twice told,"
The truth, once learned, must ne'er grow old.
Then *Joshua* came, in Moses' place,
When Law had failed, God brought in Grace.

He next by *Judges* Israel ruled;
His love toward them never cooled.
And then, the story sweet of *Ruth*,
Foreshadows very precious truth.
In *Samuel First* we read of Saul—
The people's King—his rise and fall.

In *Second Samuel* then we hear
Of David—man to God so dear.
In *First of Kings* the glory filled
The temple Solomon did build.
And *Second Kings* records the lives
Of prophets, Kings, their sons and wives.

In *First of Chronicles* we're shown
The house of David and his throne.
And *Second Chronicles* records
King Solomon's good deeds and words.
Then *Ezra* builds God's house again,
Which had for long in ruins lain.

And *Nehemiah* builds the wall
Round Judah's city, great and tall.
Then *Esther*, Jewish maid and wife,
Raised up to save her people's life.
And *Job*, his patience sorely tried,
At last God's dealings justified.

Then come the *Psalms*, whose sacred page
Is full of truth for every age.
The *Proverbs*, which the wise man spake,
For all who will their teaching take.
Ecclesiastes shows how vain
The very best of earthly gain.

The *Song*, how much we need to prize
The treasure set above the skies.
Isaiah, first of prophets, who
Foretells the future of the Jew.
Then *Jeremiah*, scorned by foes,
Yet weeps for faithless Israel's woes.

The *Lamentations* tell, in part,
The sadness of his prophet's heart.
Ezekiel tells, in mystic story,
Departing and returning glory.
Then *Daniel*, from the lion's den,
By power Divine, is raised again.

Hosea shows the Father's heart
So grieved for sin on Ephraim's part.
And *Joel* tells of judgment near;
The wicked nations quake and fear.
Then *Amos*, from the herdmen sent,
Calls hardened sinners to repent.

In *Obadiah*, Edom's fall
Contains a warning word to all.
Jonah, though prophet of the Lord,
Yet fled to Tarshish from His word.
Then *Micah* sings in sweetest lays
The glory of millennial days.

And *Nahum* tells the fear and gloom
Of Nineveh and of her doom.
Habakkuk—though the fig-tree fail,
His faith and trust in God prevail.
Then *Zephaniah* tells of grace,
And love that comes in judgment's place.

And *Haggai* in the latter days
Repeats: "Consider well your ways."
In *Zachariah's* wondrous book
We find eight visions, if we look.
Then *Malachi*, the last of all,
Speaks sadly still of Israel's fall. *E. J. Carr*

PLEASE DON'T SELL MY FATHER RUM.

"Please do not sell my father rum,"
Said a little girl, with ankles bare,
Tattered her dress, uncombed her hair;
And her bright blue eyes, in tears upturned
To the face of one in whose heart there burned
A love of gin, and a love of self,
That prompted him, for the love of pelf,
To sell her father rum.

"Please do not sell my father rum,
For ma is sick, and we are poor—
The rich they drive me from their door
When I ask them for a crumb of bread
To feed my ma and brother Ned;
And pa comes here with all the change,
And then comes home so very strange,
Because you sell him rum.

"Please do not sell my father rum—
It used to be, when home he came,
I'd lisp for joy my father's name,
And clamber up about his knee,
And feel so happy and so free;
But oh! he's changed, and now I fly
And hide myself when he comes nigh,
Because you sell him rum.

"Please do not sell my father rum—
Poor mother's life is almost gone;
Her face it looks so sad and wan;
He used to love her, and is kind yet
When not by appetite beset;
But when he tips the wine glass red,
He drags poor mother from her bed,
And says, 'You sold him rum.'

"Please do not sell my fath——"
But ere the child had said the word,
The demon dark was in him stirred;
With clenched hand and hellish grace,
He struck the child full in the face,
Who, with a shriek, fell to the floor,
And then he kicked her out of door,
Saying, "I will sell your father rum!

"What! not sell her father rum?"
With horrid oath and fiendish frown,
He said: "If all the good folks of the town,
In one grand, long petition try
To stop its sale, even then would I
Sell what, and when, and where I please.
Though blood should flow up to my knees,
I'd sell her father rum.

"Yes, I will sell her father rum,
Though heart should break and eyes run dry;
Their sobs I'd catch, their tears I'd buy,
And mix them with the father's drink,
(It's just the same to him, I think);
I'd drench the land with infants' blood,
Though drops should fall like Noah's flood;
Though tears should run like summer rains,
And every drop a thousand pains;
Though angel's weep, and Christ should pass
My doom for every burning glass.

Could I but gain the heavenly land,
I'd pluck the life fruit with my hand;
And did it pay me but one nail,
I'd damn the nations with its sale;
I'd ransack heaven and hell before
I'd turn her father from my door;
No, child! I still will sell him rum!"

Rev. W. S. Falkenburg.

BROTHER GARDNER ON HAPPINESS.

"What I was gwine to remark." said the old man, as he looked over and saw that the thermometer marked 92 degrees, "am to the effeck dat the Hon. Abe Lossford, of Howell, Mich., has arrove in de city at my request to deliber his celebrated lectur' on 'True Happiness' befo' dis club. He am now in the aunty room, an' Sir Isaac Walpole an' Rev. Penstock will don the proper regalia an' fotch him in."

In the course of the next five minutes the Hon. Mr. Lossford was "fotched." He had on a new suit, walked like Napoleon, looked like Plato, and took the platform with all the ease of Nero.

"Gem'len," he began, as he looked down upon the bald head of Elder Toots, "how many of you don't know what real happiness ar'? Dat is, how many of you don't know nuffin 'bout it? Confucius thought he was happy, but he wasn't. He didn't know nuffin 'bout watermellyons, or persimmons, or green corn. Cæsar thought he was happy, but he didn't know nuffin 'bout popcorn, or hickory nuts, or sweet cider. Plato said he had nuffin to regret, an' yet he never went in swimmin', or was on skates, or tended a Sunday-skule basket picnic." (Cheers by Samuel Shin, which died away in a hollow moan as Brother Gardner gave him a look composed of giant powder and scrap iron.)

"Art kin beautify our homes, riches kin gin us luxuries, an' health kin gin us good appetites an' refreshin' sleep, but happiness am sunthin' beyond all dat. When you shoulder a fish pole an' put a box o' bait in yer pocket, and start off to fish, you think you am happy; but how is it long about sundown, when you come home wid one poo' ole gun fish in a peck basket? De young man who hires a libery rig an' takes his gal out ridin' may think he's happy, but he isn't. When he comes to figger up de cost of his Sunday clothes, de hire of de rig, de chances of smashing a wheel an' brokin' de gal's neck, whar am the happiness? Some of you cull'd folkses git hold of a water mellyon an' sot down in the shade, fur from de busy hum of industry,

an' go yum! yum! an' imagine dat you am happy. I've been dar, an' it makes my mouf pucker to think of it, but was I happy? No, sah! When I come to reckolect dat p'raps some villyan had plugged de fruit an' dosed it wid jalap, an' dat in anoder hour I might be standin' on the banks of de mystic ribber, I broke down an' cried." (Cheers from Pickles Smith, seconded by Trustee Pullback.)

"Am you happy when you find a lost wallet with a heap o' money in it? No, sah, kase a purleeceman am allus nigh 'nuff to see you pick it up. Am you happy when you am gwine up to Lake St. Clair on a 'scursion? No, sah, kase de biler may bust. Am you happy when you sot down to eat apples in de busum of your family? No, sah, thoughts of trychina am risin' up to make you afraid. You can't be happy in new clothes, kase you am afeared the pants will bag at de knees. You can't be happy in an old suit, kase some one will start a story dat you have bin speckulatin' in pork an' lost all yer property.

"Darfore, I say to you to give up lookin' fur true happiness. Dar's too many burglars, an' robbers, an' liars, an' snakes, an' skeeters, an' bugs, an' snow, an' mud, an' dust in dis world to permit of anythin' beyond temporary enjoyment. Be as happy as you kin, but doan't let emagination run away wid you. Dat is, when you plan to sharpen yer ax, look ahead fur 'nuff to ax yerself who am gwine to break his back at de handle of de grindstun. Wid dese few transgreszions, loosely bolted together fur temporary transportashun, an' delibered in a speerit of terrorism, I will close by wishin' you all de happiness dat natur' am willin' to grant to sich as us."

The conclusion of the address was received with such enthusiasm that five lengths of stove pipe fell to the floor, and the red hot stove had to be carried out on the graveled roof of the storehouse adjoining the hall.

JOHN DARRYLL'S DREAM.

One day, as he strolled down the village street,
John Darryll chanced an old friend to meet.

"How are you, old boy?' was the greeting warm,
"Come in for an hour, out of the storm,

And we'll have a chat and a smoke together,
And a drink to offset this wild March weather."

And he linked his arm in John's, and led
The boy's feet on toward a sign ahead,

Where "Wines and Liquors," in great gold letters,
Linked together like demons' fetters,

Told the passers-by that within was sold
Sorrow, and ruin, and shame untold.

They crossed the threshold and entered in
Where never before the lad had been.

Warm and pleasant, and fair to see,
This starting-place to misery.

"Something to drink," the boy's friend said,
And John walked up to the bar with dread.

But he dared not say, as he knew he ought,
A firm, strong "No." "Just this once," he thought.

He drank the draught that his friend held out—
His first and his last beyond a doubt!

Ah! little, how little, we think or know
Of the easy path that leads down so low.

One step—and the others come fast and free—
And before we know it comes misery.

Then he and his friend sat down to chat
Of old school-day friends and this and that.

It seemed to John that a wizard's spell
On him and those about him fell.

The present vanished. The future was here.
He had lived, in a moment, full many a year.

He stood in a room that was cold and bare,
And a man was alone in the shadows there.

A man with a face like his, but old
In a life whose shame can not be told

Old in shame, but still young in years,
A fitting sight for an angel's tears

John Darryll looked on the wreck and cried:
"This man is myself! Would God I had died

"Before the fetters were forged on me
That bind my soul eternally.

"I must die like a dog, and be forgot,
Save by the few who could help me not.

"A drunkard! May God forgive me the woe
I have caused the mother who loved me so!"

He woke from his dream with a sob and moan,
And found himself on the street alone.

"Thank God, it was *only* a dream!" cried he.
"God in His mercy sent it to me,

"To warn me of danger. Never again
Shall the draught that is ruin to souls of men

"Pass these lips of mine." An old man now,
John Darryll remembers and keeps his vow.

Eben E. Rexford.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly;
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped, quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am, half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run around alone!"
Off she went, but somebody,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass;

So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree!"
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling
"I don't think the old folks;
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink;
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think." *Phœbe Cary.*

THE CITIZEN'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following lines were given to Miss Frances E. Willard on her recent visit to Jacksonville, Florida, by the widow of the noted Solon Robinson. He was, during his last years, in the habit of carrying pencil and paper about with him, that he might seize the fleeting thought and commit it at once to a lasting impression, and these are the last lines he ever penned.]

"Three thousand dollars license tax;
That is the revenue we gain by bars."
Ay, yes! but these, besides, are certain facts:
You also gain more wounds than come of wars;
Through all your streets, where e'er I go,
I see the marks that come of drunken woe.
Last night I heard a drunken row and pistol-shot
Within a house that is a loathsome blot
On our fair city's fame. And what to-day
Is said to be the cause of that night's fray?
It is simply this: The whole was caused by rum;
A courtesan and your dear mayor's son,
Who thus, for lack of sense, restraint or wife,
In such a brothel seeks a rival's life;
Such is the revenue your bar-rooms give,
Where else, I fain, as one would like to live?

A revenue from rum in this enlightened day,
From your fair town will drive all sober men away;
And while you gain what seems a pretty sum,
You lose a thousand times as much by rum.
And first of all you lose your self respect,
And losing that, you lose mankind's as well;
For who the way of life would first elect,
That leads him on to some poor drunkard's hell?
From this to save, lift up both voice and hand;
Of poison purge this curse-afflicted land!
Let press and pulpit speak, and people too,
And men and women rise and dare to do,
Until they rise and put the wicked demon down,
That will, unless they do, destroy the town!
'Tis thus a stranger is by what he sees impressed,
Who knows no town by rum was ever blessed;
Who knows the "revenue" by license paid
Is but the price, and dear, of paupers made;
The price at which, and cheap, you license crime—
For that is what you do for every license given,
By which, in this enlightened age and time,
You outrage common sense as well as heaven.
"Three thousand dollars license fees"—
Is this your only plea, and made in boast?
And do you think it can a stranger please,
Who else might come to dwell within your coast?
And do you think, for such a paltry sum,
To flood your streets with all that flows with rum—
To give free rein to crime to run its race,
And damn your rising youth to deep disgrace?
Without your bars, and those with them who list,
Could that foul brothel in your streets exist?
And with such things as these existing here,
Will strangers greet your town with right good cheer?
Instead, be well assured of what I say,
While rum controls the town, 'twill drive good men away
At least it will the one who writes this screed,
Whose hate of bars is his most earnest creed.

THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips, and toys, and pieces of strings,
  There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
  And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
  There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
  And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul,
  Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers,
  And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
  Who are waiting and watching to-night,
For the slow return of the faltering feet
  That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the Tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in the distant climes,
  They perish by fire and flood;
And their hands are blacked with the direst crimes
  That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
  My babes that never grew old;
And know they are waiting and watching for me,
  In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe, from the cares of weary years,
  From sorrow, and sin, and war;
And I thank my God with falling tears
  For the things in the bottom drawer.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR.

"LOVED PAPA, WHEN WILL YOU COME HOME AGAIN? MY OWN DEAR PAPA!"

In his wind-shaken tent the soldier sits,
Beside him flares an oil-lamp smokily,
Whose dim light glooms and flickers on the sheet
Of rustling paper that, with eager eyes
And heart, intent he reads. Now with a smile
The flaxen-bearded, sunburnt face lights up—
A smile that in the smiling breeds a pain

Within his yearning heart; the gentle hand
That those sweet, loving words hath traced will he
Ever again in his protecting clasp
Enfold it? Who can tell? He can but kiss,
With wild intensity, the page that hand
Hath touched. Each line, each word read and re-read,
At last there is no more. With swimming eyes
He looks, and drinks her name into his soul.
Yet see those lines with pencil widely ruled,
Where largely sprawled big letters helplessly;
What do they say, those baby characters,
So feebly huge?

"Loved Papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"

As he reads this the tent to him grows darker,
His strong hand trembles, and the hot tears burn
In his blue eyes, and blur the straggling words.
What need to see? The words are stamped upon
His heart, and his whole soul doth feel them there.
The wind on gusty wings sweeps by, and lo!
With its wild voice his child's sweet treble mingles:

"Loved Papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"

And now his head is bowed into his hands,
His brave heart for a moment seems to climb
Into his heart and choke him. Hark! what sound
Thus sharply leaps among and slays the sad
Wind voices of the autumn night with shrill
And sudden blast? The bugle-call, "To arms!"
And startled sleepers, at its fierce appeal,
Half dreaming clutch their swords, and grasping wake,
How many soon to fall asleep again—in death!
And on that father's heart the pealing cry
Strikes cold as ice, though soldiers there's none braver;
For, still above the bugle's thrilling breath,
That pleading child-voice sweetly calls:

"Loved Papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa?"

* * * * * * * *

Across a rough hillside the light of dawn
Doth coldly creep, with ruthless touch revealing
All that by darkness had been hid; and there,

Among the stalwart forms that stiffening lie
Upon the blood-soaked ground, where they lie thickest,
There is one found, with flaxen hair and beard
Dark dyed with gore, a bullet in his heart!
A crumpled paper in his hand was clutched;
'Gainst the cold lips the rigid hand did press
Some childish writing by his life-blood stained.
What were the words? One scarce can read them now:
"Loved Papa,
When will you come home again?
My own dear Papa!"

LITTLE PHIL.

[The following poem, contributed to the Boston *Transcript*, was suggested by a tender, pathetic sketch in *The Detroit Free Press.*]

"Make me a headboard, mister, smoothed and painted, you see;
Our ma she died last winter, and sister, and Jack, and me
Last Sunday could hardly find her, so many new graves about.
And Bud cried out, 'We've lost her,' when Jack gave a little shout.
We have worked and saved all winter—been hungry sometimes, I own—
But we hid this much from father under the old door stone.
He never goes there to see her; he hated her; scolded Jack
When he heard us talking about her and wishing she'd come back.
But up in the garret we whisper, and have a good time to cry.
Our beautiful mother who kissed us, and wasn't afraid to die,
Put on it 'that she was forty, in November she went away,
That she was the best of mothers, and we haven't forgot to pray;
And we mean to do as she taught us—be loving, and true, and square,
To work and read, to love her, till we go to her up there.
Let the board be white like mother" (the small chin quivered here),
And the lad coughed something under, and conquered a rebel tear.
"Here is all we could keep from father, a dollar and thirty cents,
The rest he has got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the rents."
Blushing the white lie over, and dropping the honest eyes,
"What is the price of headboards, with writing and handsome size?

"Three dollars!" a young roe wounded, just falls with a moan, and he,
With a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on his tattered knee.
"Three dollars! and we shall lose her, next winter the graves and the snow!"
But the boss had his arms about him, and cuddled the head of tow
Close up to the great heart's shelter, and womanly tears fell fast—
"Dear boy, you shall never lose her, O cling to your sacred past!
Come to-morrow, and bring you sister and Jack, and the board shall be
The best that the shop can furnish, then come here and live with me."

* * * * * * * *

When the orphans loaded their treasure on the rugged old cart next day,
The surprise of a footboard varnish, with all that their love could say;
And "*Edith St. John, Our Mother!*" baby Jack gave his little shout,
And Bud, like a mountain daisy, went dancing her doll about.
But Phil grew white and trembled, and close to the boss he crept,
Kissing him like a woman, shivered, and laughed, and wept:
"Do you think, my benefactor, in heaven that *she'll* be glad?"
"Not as glad as *you* are, Philip, but finish this job, my lad."

Mrs. Helen Rich.

THE SILVER PLATE.

They passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast, now few,
That rattled upon it, and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound;
A boy who sat in the aisle looked round
With a wistful face—"O, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there;
And much as he searched, when all was done,
He hadn't discovered a single one.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God:
Poor, pitiful Pagans, who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls would go;
And who shrieked with fear when their mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god—afraid
He might eat them up—so fierce and wild
And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.
"How different," murmured the boy, while his
Lips trembled—"How different *Jesus* is!"

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give, that the heathen might hear of Christ.
But all at once, as the silver sound
Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked 'round,
And they offered the piled up plate to *him*,
And he blushed, and his eyes began to swim.
Then bravely turning, as if he knew,
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke, in a voice that held a tear—
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought he meant
To empty his pockets of every cent.
But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate—his foot,
And said, with a sob controlled before,
"*I will give* MYSELF—*I have nothing more!*"

Margaret J. Preston.

WHY HE WOULDN'T DIE.

Listen, my boy, and you shall know
A thing that happened a long time ago,
When I was a boy not as large as you,
And the youngest of all the children, too.
I laugh even now as I think it o'er,
And the more I think I laugh the more.
'Twas the chilly eve of an autumn day,
We were all in the kitchen cheery and gay;
The fire burned bright on the old brick hearth,
And its cheerful light gave zest to our mirth.

My elder sister, addressing me,
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving, you know," said she;
"We must kill the chickens to-night, you see.
Now light the lantern and come with me;
I will wring their necks until they are dead,
And have them all dressed ere we go to bed."
So the huge old lantern, made of tin,
Punched full of holes, and a candle within,
Put in its appearance in a shorter time
Than it takes to make this jingling rhyme.
We started off, and the way I led,
For a raid on the chickens under the shed.
A pile of roots filled the open space,
Thus making a splendid roosting place;
And a motley tribe of domestic fowls
Sat perched there as grave and demure as owls.
My sister, unused to sights of blood,
And pale with excitement, trembling stood;
But summoning courage, she laid her plans,
And seized the old rooster with both her hands,
And with triumph written all over her face,
Her victim bore to the open space.
Then she wrung and wrung with might and main,
And wrung and twisted, and wrung again,
'Till, sure that the spark of life had fled,
She threw him down on the ground for dead.
But the rooster would not consent to die,
And be made up into chicken pie,
So he sprang away with a cackle and bound,
Almost as soon as he touched the ground,
And hiding away from the the candle's light,
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night,
My sister, thus brought to a sudden stand,
And looking at what she held in her hand,
Soon saw why the rooster was not dead—
She had wrung off his tail instead of his head.

THE LAST HAIR-PIN.

What can make a woman feel any more helpless, any more as if she were cast forlorn upon a desert island, like Crusoe's, than to lose her last hair-pin?

She does not generally discover that she is so badly off until she is combing her hair in a hurry to go somewhere, with her husband waiting down stairs, and calling out to her once a minute:

"What in thunder are you about? I could get ready to go to Jerusalem in the time you've been puttering round up there!"

Puttering round, indeed! and she with her boots to button, and her dress to change, and the frill to sew round the neck, and the elastic broken on the overskirt, and her front hair to crimp on an iron, and her teeth to clean, and her complexion to be brightened by a little pearl-powder, and her hair to dress—and her last hair-pin gone!

She guesses he'd say "puttering round" if he had to go through with so much!

She makes the discovery about that hair-pin just as she has got her elaborate French twist disposed to her mind, and is holding the other half of her hair in her mouth, to keep it out of the way—discovers its loss, just as she was going to put it into the structure she has built up with so much labor, to hold it in place.

She tears round in frantic haste to find a hair-pin. Only just one to hold that French twist up till she can go down stairs and borrow two or three crooked things from Bridget.

In the drawers and vases, and in the hair-pin basket, and on the floor, she rummages—no hair-pins!

Almost any time, she thinks, she can look on the floor and see at least one hair-pin there waiting to be picked up.

Where is it now? She looks behind the bureau—plenty of pins and old gloves, and two dressing-combs, and any quantity of lint, but no hair-pins!

"Bridget!" she bawls down the back stairs, "lend met hree or four hair-pins! quick!

"Bridget has gone to vespers!" bawls her husband up the front stairs. "Let the hair-pins go to the duse, and come along! We shall be late!"

That is the hour when she wishes she had never married him—the hour when she wishes she were back with mother; and she feels provoked enough to cry, and cross enough to stick pins in the partner of her joys and sorrows.

Another hasty search, and she sees a hair-pin sticking out under the edge of the carpet. It is crooked, and rusty, and it pulls her hair out by the roots, and brings the water to her eyes, but it is a god-send. In it goes, and the comb follows, and the crimps are tied back, and the Paris bonnet goes on, and a last look in the glass is taken—just as the male voice down stairs is heard muttering:

"I'll go alone! Hang so much primping!"

And they set forth—she momentarily expecting her head to fall to pieces, and he descanting on the difference between a man and woman who are going somewhere.

And just as they reach their destination, that one hair-pin succumbs, and down comes the hair of the unfortunate victim of lost hair-pins—and her husband stands by in lofty scorn, and says, if he were a woman, he'd try and see if he couldn't fix his hair so it would stay up *once!*

Yes, *sir!* *Kate Thorn.*

THE LAST DRINK.

He stood before the bar and called for rum,
And there with trembling hand he filled the glass;
Then slow, with eyes askance, laid down his sum
Of worldly fortune—there he laid his last.

And though with glass in hand, yet still he tasted not,
But seemed as one in mournful revery;
No one who saw his face would e'er have called him sot,
Or thought that he a sot could ever be.
But seedy dress and unkempt hair gave him away—
Alas! Rum's victim he had been full many a day.

And thus he stood, his brow with thought o'ercast;
He came to take a drink, and that his last!
The world had bruised him in its scornful zeal,
And left a wound that rum could never heal.

"And yet, there was a time," he sadly sighed,
"When I thought rum a friend most true and tried;
It gave a zest to joy, a balm for sorrow,
Joy for the day, and bright hope for the morrow;
But oh! that bright to-morrow, too, has past
And left me at the foot of fortune's hill;
Ah! here's my drink! This drink shall be my last.
I pledge, I care not which, to future good or ill."

He stood, in passive thought, before the bar,
Where he had often stood, in years gone by,
And vivid visions from the bitter past
Unrolled before his wakened memory.
"'Twas but a dream," he sighed, "and this the end;
How dreary, dark, and mournful life now seems
To one who once thought rum his dearest friend;
'Twas but a dream, alas! 'twas but a dream!"

And back the vision rolled till he again was young;
He saw himself once more light-hearted, blithe, and gay;
He heard his mother's own sweet voice in song,
As he had heard it in his boyhood's day.

He saw the old farm-house with low and sloping roof,
The grand old maple tree, so green in leafy woof;
The lilac trees that waved their purple plumes,
And oft had filled the air with rich perfumes.
He saw the golden lilies that had once grown wild,
And the dear red rose bush, one each side the door,
That his sweet sister Carrie planted when a child.
He sighed, "She fills the home with beauty now no more!
She tends the fairest roses on a brighter shore."

A tear came to his eye, 'twas brushed away;
"Ah, no!" he said, "I will not weep to-day.
Let the review pass on—I'll face it, though 'tis hard!
So mixed with sorrow; yet 'tis not all bad."
And now the vision passed o'er youthful days,
O'er golden dreams, till man's estate was gained,
Recalling hope and love, with joyous ways
Oft mingled with a sadness, grief or pain.

And here before him came a sweet young face,
Whose smile of beauty now contained no trace,
Of sorrow, such as came in after life;
That sweet young face before him was his wife,
As when he first gave pledge to her of love,
And vowed that he would never recreant prove.

"'Twas but a sad return I made for love and trust,"
He said, "and now is mine this bitter self-reproach;
Why did I act so weak, while she, a woman,
Endured her trials nobly, like a Roman?
Oh, fatal day! I did from duty shrink;
She bore the sorrows, but I took to drink!

"O tell it not in Gath! the shameful story,
How I proved recreant to a trust of love—
A life is naught without a life's true glory!
And naught, I fear, my life has thus far proved.
But, off! no sighs or sentimental wailing
Can now recall the misdeeds of the past;
No tears for loved and lost are now availing—
The best is this, here—I have drank my last!

"I now go forth, and though no bright to-morrow
Gives forth its promise on the evening sky,
Firmly I will endure this night of sorrow,
Calmly resolving I will do or die.
Full well I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And through this darkness on to perfect day
I go; 'tis right, and here my soul it telleth
I need not fall, or perish by the way.

"What though the darkness o'er my head should gather,
E'en though the last pale star refuse to shine;
I know 'tis well, and that the loving Father,
Will bring me forth, all in His own good time.
Then let me go forth, patiently enduring
Life's cares and trials—let my faith prevail;
Now from the path of truth suffer no alluring,
And let there not be such a word as fail."

Thus he went out upon the world once more,
To fight life's battle and to fight it well,
That dark and bitter dream, it now was o'er—
How great was his deliverance, who can tell?

N. B. Wilcox.

"ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES."

'Twas a crowded street, and a cry of joy
Came from a ragged, barefoot boy—
A cry of eager and glad surprise,
And he opened wide his great black eyes,
As he held before him a coin of gold
He had found in a heap of rubbish old
By the curb-stone there.

The passers-by
Paused at hearing that joyous cry,
As if 'twere a heavenly chime that rung
Or a note from some angel song had been sung
There, in the midst of the hurry and din
That raged the city's heart within,
And they wondered to hear that song of grace
Sung in such strange, unusual place.

As ofttimes into a dungeon deep
Some ray of sunlight perchance will creep,
So did that innocent, childish cry
Break on the musings of passers-by,
Bidding them all at once forget
Stocks, quotations, and tare and tret,
And the thousand cares with which are rife
The daily rounds of a business life.

"How it sparkles!" the youngster cried,
As the golden piece he eagerly eyed,
"Oh, see it shine!" and he laughed aloud,
Little heeding the curious crowd

That gathered around. "Hurrah!" said he,
"How glad my poor old mother'll be!
I'll buy her a brand-new Sunday hat,
And a pair of shoes for Nell at that.
And baby sister shall have a dress—
There'll be enough for all, I guess;
And then I'll——"

"Here," said a surly voice,
"That money's mine. You can take your choice
Of giving it up or going to jail."
The youngster trembled, and then turned pale,
As he looked and saw before him stand
A burly drayman with outstretched hand;
Rough and uncouth was the fellow's face,
And without a single line or trace
Of the goodness that makes the world akin.
"Come, be quick! or I'll take you in,"
Said he.

"For shame!" said the listening crowd.
The ruffian seemed for a moment cowed.
"The money is mine," he blustered out;
"I lost it yesterday hereabout.
I don't want nothin' but what's my own,
And I'm goin' to have it."

The lad alone
Was silent. A tear stood in his eye,
But he brushed it away, he *would not* cry.
"Here, mister," he answered, "take it then;
If it's yours, it's yours; if it hadn't been——"
A sob told all he would have said,
Of the hope so suddenly raised, now dead;
And then with a sigh, which volumes told,
He dropped the glittering piece of gold
Into the other's hand. Once more
He sighed—and his dream of wealth was o'er.
But no! Humanity hath a heart
Always ready to take the part
Of childish sorrow, wherever found.

"Let's make up a purse"—the word went round
Through the kindly crowd, and a hat was passed
And the coins came falling thick and fast.
"Here, sonny; take this," said they. Behold,
Full twice as much as the piece of gold

He had given up was in the hand
Of the urchin. He could not understand
It all. The tears came thick and fast,
And his grateful heart found voice at last.

But, lo! when he spoke, the crowd had gone—
Left him, in gratitude, there alone.
Who'll say there is not some sweet good-will
And kindness left in this cold world still?

George L. Catlin.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the white-washed walls
  Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls
  Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
  Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
  Kissing the sun of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
  Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
  Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
  Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
  Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take;
  They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
  Was it a mother's soft and white—
And have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
  "Somebody's" heart enshrined him there;
"Somebody" wafted his name above,
  Morn and night on the wings of prayer.
"Somebody" wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
"Somebody's" kiss on his forehead lay,
  "Somebody" clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's" watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

AN HONEST RUMSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

All hail, friends and neighbors, I've opened a shop,
At which I invite you, politely, to stop!

I keep liquid fire to sell to you all,
I therefore beseech you to give me a call!

I've purchased indulgence from Court, and begin
Dealing out to my neghbors rum, brandy and gin.

I expect to make paupers for you to support,
And to help on the business your custom I court.

I'll also make drunkards and beggars likewise,
But then I am honest and need no disguise.

I shall deal in foul spirits, and hope to excite
Men to rob and to murder, by day and by night.

I shall drive away comfort, expenses augment,
I shall stir up contention, on this I'm intent.

At a very short notice and for a small sum,
By the wonderful magic of brandy and rum,

I will fill your asylums and poor-houses too;
To your prisons and scaffolds I'll send not a few.

I will sell you, kind neighbors, if you will but call,
A drink that will poison and ruin you all;

Make accidents frequent, diseases increase,—
Or those in existence more fatal at least.

The goods I shall deal in will take away life,
Deprive some of reason; fill the country with strife;

Make widows and orphans; of fathers make fiends;—
The loud wail of thousands my business attends.

I will see that the youth are in ignorance kept;
Their morals corrupted, nor shall I forget

Of natural affection the parent to rob;
I'll incite insurrection and stir up the mob.

I will uproot religion, the soul I'll destroy;
For none of my votaries shall heaven enjoy.

Though spirits are priceless I'll send them to hell—
Compel them in torment forever to dwell.

Should any one ask me my reason to give,
My answer is, "*money—and money I'll have!*"

By trading in spirits I can it obtain,
And if I keep trading no one should complain;

Legislators sustain me, my business support,
And then I have license directly from Court.

Judges assure me my business is just;
Though it ruins my neighbor and grinds him to dust.

I've purchased indulgence from them, and I hope
It's as good as indulgences sold by the Pope.

My trade then is lawful, and I'm not ashamed
To push it for money. Nor should I be blamed;

If I don't pursue it some other one will,
Those croakers against me should therefore be still.

I live in a country where liberty (!!) reigns;
I've purchased the right to augment the pains

Of those who surround me; to prostrate their health,
Bring them down to the grave and prey on their wealth.

I know that the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill,"
But the *Court* says I *may*—with the juice of the still.

I know that no drunkard shall Paradise gain,
And as I make drunkards no doubt I'd be slain,

Did not Legislators step into my aid,
And by their enactments take the guilt of my trade?

But I must make money though thousands I slay.
Come, then, friends and neighbors! come, call every day.

A. McWight.

WHAT THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE HAS DONE FOR JOHN AND ME.

My story, marm? well, really now, I haven't much to say;
But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day,
No need of words to tell you marm, for your own eyes could see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed,
Now just peep in the larder, marm, there's sugar, flour and tea,—
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

That pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer,
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year;
He pays his debts, is strong and well, and kind as man can be—
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low,
As if he didn't dare to meet the folks he used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free—
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs and nothing on their feet.
But now they've shoes and stockings, and warm garments, as you see—
And that is what the temperance cause has done for them and me.

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play,
But now, when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic round his chair, the baby climbs his knee,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

Ah! those sad, sad days are over, of sorrow and of pain,
The children have their father back, and I my John again.
Oh, pray excuse my weeping, marm,—they're tears of joy to see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me!

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look and say:
"Oh, heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!"
And every night before I sleep, thank God on bended knee,
For what the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

JOHN F. COLES.

THE BONDAGE OF RUM.

You think I love it! if this nerveless hand
Could gain immortal strength this very hour,
I'd sweep this hellish traffic from the land,
And crush its blighting, madd'ning, nightmare power
Yea, now with all my latest dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death!

Love it? I loathe it! yet I drink, and drink,
And hate my bondage with a loathing hate!
And hate myself as through the town I slink.
The pledge? No, no! Too late—too late!
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath.
To late—there's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink: but *not* to drink—
Doth such a train of horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think;
Ah, keep away, ye friends, for pity's sake!
The very thought of them affects my brain;
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high,
And breathe God's air, a free and fearless man,
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
With steady nerve to do and head to plan,
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,
In manly fashion, brave and strong. Love rum!

If I could go into some land
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
I'd fight those dreaded torments of the damned
That clutch the soul of him who would be free:
But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe
To fall again as twice before? No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be,
In those old college days, so wild and gay,
When I first drank in youthful revelry,
How easy then to put the cup away!
A mother's hope and joy I was till then;
Now see me trembling—ha! those eyes again!

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, whence ye belong!
I'll drink you down—what! blood! Drink blood?
Help, help! they come, a hideous, devilish throng;
Back, get back! They'll toss me in the flood!
Long, crooked hands are clawing in my hair!
Is this the end? ha! ha! Too late for prayer.

THE TEMPERANCE ECHO.

'Twas a lovely night at Grimsby Camp;
The sun hung like a signal lamp
Behind a cloud of white and gold,
While its reflections, bright and bold,
Upon the painted lake were seen
In crimson, yellow, white, and green.
The camp fires just begun to show,
And here and there their orange glow
Was seen, amid the shadowy gloom
Fast settling o'er the grove, and soon
To deepen into shades of night
And hide the beauty from our sight.

As there, not very far from shore
I lay, while resting from the oar,
By soft and gentle breezes fanned,
I thought no tale of fairy land
Was ever told to wondering child
Surpassing this in beauty wild.
Familiar sounds came from the shore,
Yet never sounded so before.
The children, laughing at the well,
The ringing of the chapel bell,
The mother (baby on her knee),
Singing "Nearer, my God, to thee,"
Each note seemed little wings to take
And flutter miles out, o'er the lake.

But hold! no poet need to try
(At least not such a one as I)
Description; painter ne'er had power
To paint the beauties of that hour.

"Who mixed those tints,—the soft deep grays?
Who scumbled in the distant haze;
The red sun and its golden ray
The deep clear shadows in the bay,
The purple woods, the gold-edged cloud—
Who painted these?" I said aloud.
A spirit seemed to answer: "Hush!
'Twas God's own hand that held the brush,"
And every tint, and shade, and line,
Said: "He who made it is divine."

Then, from the shore I heard a shout,
And saw some boats were putting out.
A fair young girl came on before,
Who pulled a swift and practiced oar;
The others followed in the wake
Of her, this lady of the lake.

"Fall in," she cried, "and you will see
We'll find the echo; follow me!"

It seems that somewhere up the shore,
From camp, perhaps a mile or more,
An echo in some cove or dell
By residents is known to dwell,—
A woman, for she has the knack
Of almost always answering back.

Well, on we went, with laughter loud,
And songs, and shoutings, such a crowd
Of parsons, speakers, poets, wits,
Enough to frighten into fits
A common echo; but this maid
We found at least was not afraid.
For very soon from shore we heard
Miss Echo mocking every word.

One asked: "Is drinking whisky wrong?"
"Wrong, wrong," came answer, clear and strong.
"Water's the drink when you are dry!"
"When you are dry—dry," the quick reply.
"And when not dry, you need no drink!"
"No drink," cried echo; and I think
The answer this time from the shore
Came quicker than the one before.
"Shall temperance sometime win the day?'
"Win the day—day," we heard her say.
"And prohibition by and by?"
"By and by," the quick reply.
"Then our duty?" tell us, pray!
"Pray—pray," was all we heard her say.
"But there is also work to do!"
"Work to do—do," so clear, that you
Had thought a human being spoke.

It seemed more than a passing joke,
For we, to stem this tide of sin,
Must work as if we meant to win.

And pray—believing firm and sure
That God is righteous, just, and pure.
And that he'll help us in the fight,
If we but use the means aright.
For e'en an echo, when we pause,
If rightly used, can aid our cause.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

THE GLASS RAILROAD.

It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along, with a peculiar motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gaily dressed, and happy, and all laughing, talking and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we usually hear on the railroad. They moved along without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within—I was full of peace.

While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold, white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding on with glass wheels over the railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins.

"Those are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip you are now making; the trip on this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood:—

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

I can never describe the horror with which those words inspired me.

"What is the name of the glass railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I asked, replied in the same strain :—

"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently. Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle I awoke. I know it was only a dream, and yet, whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct on either side of the road; while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see the cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

It was, indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty, and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit toward the fathomless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream."

Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE MISSING SHIP.

It was long before the cable stretched across the ocean, when the steamers did not make such rapid runs from continent to continent, that the ship *Atlantic* was missing. She had been due in New York for some days, and the people began to despair. "The *Atlantic* has not been heard from yet!" "What news from the *Atlantic* on Exchange."

"None." Telegraph dispatches came in from all quarters. "Any news from the *Atlantic?*" And the word thrilled along the wires to the hearts of those who had no friends on board. "No."

Day after day passed, and people began to be excited when the booming of the guns told that the ship was coming up the Narrows. People went out upon the Battery and Castle Garden

with their spy-glasses; but it was the British ship, the Union Jack was flying; they watched her come to the moorings and their hearts sank within them.

"Any news from the *Atlantic?*"

"Has not the *Atlantic* arrived?"

"No!"

"She sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing from her," and the people said, "there is no use hoping against hope, she has gone, like the *President*. She has made her last port."

Day after day passed, and those who had friends on board began to make up their mourning.

Day after day passed, and the captain's wife was so ill that the doctor said she would die, if suspense were not removed.

Day after day passed, and men looked at one another and said, "Ah, it is a sad thing about the *Atlantic!*"

At length one bright and beautiful morning the guns boomed across the bay, and a ship was seen coming into port. Down went the people to the Battery and Castle Garden. It was a British ship again and their hearts seemed to die within them. But up she came, making a ridge of white foam before her, and you could hear a heavy sigh from that crowd, as if it were the last hope dying out. Men looked at one another blankly; by and by some one cried out, "She has passed her moorings, she is steaming up the river."

Then they wiped away the dimness of grief and watched the vessel. Round she came most gallantly, and as she passed the immense crowds on the wharves and at Castle Garden the crew, hoisted flags from trucks to mainchains. An officer leaped upon the paddle-box, put his trumpet to his lips, and cried out, "The *Atlantic* is safe. She has put into port for repairs!"

Then such a shout! Oh, how they shouted! Shout! shout! shout! "The *Atlantic* is safe!"

Bands of music paraded the streets, telegraph wires worked all night long. "The *Atlantic* is safe," bringing joy to millions of hearts; and yet not one in a hundred thousand of those who rejoiced had a friend or relative on board that steamer. It was sympathy with the sorrows of others with whom they had no tie in common, save that which God created when he made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and permitted us, as brethren, to call him the common Father of us all.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST EVIL.

A short speech by Vice-President Henry Wilson, delivered at the National Temperance Convention, in Chicago, June, 1875.

Forty years of experience and observation have taught me that the greatest evil of our country, next, at any rate, to the

one that has gone down in fire and blood to rise no more, is the evil of intemperance. Every day's experience, every hour of reflection teaches me that it is the duty of patriotism, the duty of humanity, the duty of Christianity, to live Christian lives, and to exert temperance influence among people.

There was a time, when I was younger than I am now, when I hoped to live long enough to see the cause which my heart loves, and my judgment approves stronger than it is to-day. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that the present is a rather dark and troubled night for that cause, and it is because it so seems to me that I believe it to be the duty of every honest, conscientious, self-sacrificing man of our country to speak and to work for the cause in every legitimate and proper way. And my reliance for the advancement of the cause of temperance is the same reliance which I have for the spread of the Gospel of our Divine Lord and Master.

The heart, the conscience and the reason must be appealed to continually; and Christian men and women must remember that the heart of Christianity is temperance. If it cost a sacrifice, give it. What is sacrifice to doing good and lifting toward heaven our fellow-men? We have got to rely on appeals and addresses made to the heart of this nation, to the conscience of the people and the reason of the country. We have got to train up our children in the cause from infancy. We must teach it in the schools and everywhere by word, and above all by example; and it seems to me that Christian ministers, in this dark hour of our country, when they see so much intemperance, and what looks to some of us like a reaction, should make the voice of the pulpits of this land heard.

Members of Christian churches should remember that they have something to do in this cause. If anything stands in the way of Christianity it is the drunkenness in our land. A word for temperance at this time is the strongest blow against the kingdom of Satan and for the cause of our Lord and Master. Snppose you have been disappointed. Suppose that mnay of your laws have failed. We know that we are right. We personally feel and see it. The evidence is around and about us that we cannot be mistaken in living total abstinence lives and recommending such a course to our neighbors.

When it costs something to stand by the temperance cause, then is the hour to stand by it. If I could be heard to-day by the people of the land, by the patrotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the first, the highest, and the grandest duties, which the country, God, and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of *total abstinence.*

RUM'S DEVASTATION AND DESTINY.

In a discourse delivered before the Massachusetts society for the suppression of intemperance, on the twenty third of May, 1832, Hon. William Sullivan, one of the vice-presidents of the society, gave an account of the discovery of the art of distilling wine from brandy, showing that it was made some five or six hundred years ago, by an alchemist who was in search of the means of acquiring "inexhaustible riches and perpetual youth." After having spoken of the origin of alcohol the speaker imagines it to be "the office of history to announce the future, instead of recording the past," and assuming to stand beside the man who made the discovery, delivered the following eloquent address detailing the melancholy consequences of this discovery and forecasting the blessings which shall result from the final overthrow of the rum fiend.

In your researches after that which you should at once have known to be impossible, by the laws of nature, you have opened a fountain of misery which shall flow for ages. You have not contented yourself with pressing out the juices of the fruits bestowed upon you, and converting these into strong drink which you needed not,—but you have taken this strong drink, and the harvest, which was given you for food, and have drawn from these a liquid which is not food and which will not nourish nor sustain your earthly frame. This liquid shall be a curse upon you and your descendants. It shall be known wherever the arts of civilization are known. You shall call it the *elixir of life.* You shall believe it to be nutritious to the body and gladdening to the soul. The love of it shall grow with the use of it. It shall soothe the solitary hour and cheer the festive board. It shall charm away your griefs, and be the cause of your rejoicings. It shall be the inducement to communion and the bond of friendship. It shall be prized alike by the high and the low. It shall be the joy of princes as well as of the meanest of mortals. It shall be the stimulant to laborious toil, and the reward for labor done. It shall be bought and sold, and make the dealer therein rich. It shall yield abundant revenues to sovereignty. Hospitality shall be dishonored in not offering it to the guests, and the guests shall be disgraced in not receiving it at the hand of his host.

BUT——it shall visit your limbs with palsy; it shall extinguish the pride of man; it shall make the husband hateful to his wife, and the wife loathsome to the husband; it shall annihilate the love of offspring; It shall make members of society a shame and a reproach to each other, and to all among whom they dwell. It shall steal from the virtuous and the honorable their good name, and shall make the strong and the vigorous to totter along the streets of cities. It shall pervert the law of habit, designed to strengthen you in the path of duty, and bind you in its iron chain. It shall disgrace the judge upon the bench, the minister in the sacred desk, and the senator in his exalted seat. It shall make your food tasteless, your mouth to burn as with a fever, and your stomach to tremble as with disease. It shall cause the besotted mother to overlay her new-

born, unconscious that it dies beneath the pressure of her weight; the natural cravings of the infant shall make it strive to awaken her who has passed, unheeded, to her last long sleep. The son shall hide his face that he may not behold his father's depravity; and the father shall see the object of his fondest hopes turn to a foul and bloated carcass, that hurries to the grave. It shall turn the children of men into raving maniacs; and the broken ties of blood and affection shall find no relief but in the friendly coming of Death. As the seed which man commits to the earth comes forth in that which he converts into spirit, so shall this product of his own invention be as seed in his own heart, to bring forth violence, rapine and murder. It shall cause man to shut up his fellow-man in the solitude of the grated cell. The prisoner shall turn pale and tremble, in his loneliness, at the presence of his own thoughts; he shall come forth to die, in cold blood, by the hand of his fellow, with the spectacle of *religious homage on a scaffold*, and amid the gaze of curious thousands. Poverty shall be made squalid and odious, even so that Charity shall turn away her face in disgust. It shall attract the pestilence that walks, even at noon-day, in darkness, to the very vitals of the drunkard, as carrion invites the far-sighted bird of prey. The consumer of spirit shall be found dead in the highway, with the exhausted vessel by his side. Yea, the drunkard shall kindle a fire in his own bosom which shall not depart from him till he is turned to ashes. The dropsical drunkard shall die in his delirium, and the fluid which has gathered in his brain shall smell like spirit, and like spirit shall burn. A feeble frame, an imbecile mind, torturing pain and an incurable madness, shall be of the inheritance which drunkards bequeath, to run with their blood to innocent descendants.

The wise men, who assemble in the halls of legislation, shall be blind to this ruin, desolation, and misery. Nay, they shall license the sale of this poison, and shall require of dignified magistrates to certify how much thereof shall be sold for the "PUBLIC GOOD."

This minister of woe and wretchedness shall roam over the earth at pleasure. It shall be found in every country of the Christian; it shall go into every city, into every village, and into every house. But it shall not visit the country of the heathen, nor spread woe and wretchedness among them, but by the hands of Christians.

The light of reason shall at length break upon the benighted and afflicted world. The truth shall be told. It shall be believed. The cause of calamity shall be unveiled. The friends of the human race shall speak and be respected. Rational man shall be ashamed of his follies and his crimes, and humbled to the dust that he was so long ignorant of their origin. Governments shall be ashamed that they so long tolerated and sus-

tained the most costly and cruel foe that man has ever encountered. Avarice itself shall be conscious-stricken and penitent. It shall remain where nature placed it for use; and it shall be odious in the sight of *Heaven* and of *Earth* to convert the fruits of the soil into poison.

HON. WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

SPIKE THAT GUN.

The great struggle for victory on the heights of Inkerman was decided by a young officer bravely carrying out an order to spike a gun that was sweeping down the troops with its shot and shell. The battery had to be approached with great care, or the attacking party would be swept away before ever the gun could be reached. The officer in command led his men under the cover of some rising ground, and then waited his opportunity to face the battery. At first, a brother officer who accompanied the party said that it was perfect madness to attempt an attack, and the men began to feel that it was charging into the arms of death; but the officer who had received the order to spike the gun was determined to carry it out or die in the attempt, and addressing his small party, said: "If no man will stand by me, I shall go alone. Who'll volunteer?" and immediately he went out from the shelter of the rising ground where he had halted his men, and faced the battery. No sooner did the men see his brave determination to carry out his instructions than they rushed to the front, and with a victorious shout took the battery and spiked the gun. That brave deed turned the battle scales to victory in favor of the British. The Russians lost all heart when the battery, which had done such deadly mischief to the troops all that fearful day, was silenced and the gun spiked.

The great conflict between good and evil is still raging. Year after year rolls on, and the deadly strife continues. The ranks have been thinned, gaps made, homes desolated, families broken up, and thousands have passed away. One of the great (if not the greatest) difficulties in the progress of every good work is drink. It is one of the most prolific sources of evil that the civilized world has seen. It baffles our legislators. It startles the church. It blights the progress of Christianity. It hinders the advance of missions. It degrades our army, and is found to be the chief agent in supplying pauperdom with starving beggars; mad-houses with the insane, and orphanages with the fatherless. Crime is fed by it; jails, reformatories, and penitentiaries are crowded with its victims. Men have lost their honesty, and women their virtue, through the effects of drink. Good has been weakened, evil has been strengthened, by the baneful influence of drink.

Whether we speak of high or low, the educated or ignorant, the wealthy or poor, from each drink has claimed its victims, and scattered seeds of misery in all ranks, which have produced a sad harvest of wretchedness, woe and death, sufficient for us to point out the danger in which every good work is placed, so long as that infernal weapon of evil is belching forth its deadly missiles against those enterprises which are making war upon sin, and the enormous disadvantage at which they war, so long as drink is allowed to decimate their ranks and destroy their hopes of success. For the sake of all that's good and true on earth, we raise the cry: *Spike that gun.*

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say;
"Why that isn't very much to pay."
Oh, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day,
The price of a drink? let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim,—
These are the treasures thrown away,
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As o'er the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do,
And before the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass!

The price of a drink? If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement, over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul Disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls;
There Poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There Shame in a corner crouches low,
There Violence deals its cruel blow,
And innocent ones are thus accursed,
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small,
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay, and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows this ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE FATAL GLASS.

He raised the cup to his pure, sweet lips—
  Lips fresh from a mother's kisses;
Merry the banquet hall that night,
For youth and beauty were there, and bright
  The glittering lamps shone o'er them;
And one had sung with a voice divine,
A song in the praise of the ruby wine,
  That graced the feast before them.
Little he dreamed as he lightly quaffed
The sparkling wine, that the first rare draught
  Was a link in the chain to bind him,
And drag his soul, like a servile slave,
Down slippery steps to a shameful grave,
  From a throne were love enshrined him.

She raised the cup to her tainted lips—
  Lips foul with the vilest curses—
In a loathsome haunt of sin and shame,
Where Christian charity seldom came,
  With its holy words to teach them
Of the pastures green and waters sweet—
Of her who wept at the Master's feet,
  Whose boundless love could reach them.

Is love so dear, and life so cheap,
That one poor soul, like a wandering sheep,
Alone on the bleak, cold mountain,
Should gladly turn from a life accursed,
To drown the past and quench the thirst
In draughts from a poisonous fountain?

He raised the cup to his trembling lips—
Lips wrinkled by age and hunger;
The meagre pittance he'd begged for food,
Brightened the palm of the man who stood
At his bar with his wines around him.
He drank, and turned on tottering feet
To the bitter storm and the cold, dark street,
Where a corpse in the morn they found him.
And oh, could those speechless lips have told
Of the want and sorrow, hunger and cold
He had known, or the answer given,
When his trembling soul for entrance pled
At the crystal gates, where One has said:
"No drunkard shall enter Heaven!"

LAURA U. CASE.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow, the silver wake you leave behind, adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly, some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up

with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed,—there is no danger."

"*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, —will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the sacket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE HARVEST OF RUM.

Streaming down the ages, blighting the rose-buds, shriveling the grasses, scorching the heart, and blistering the soul, has come a lurid tongue of flame which, heated by the madness of hell, has hissed out the terrors of death and dropped over the earth a sea of unutterable woe. In the darkness of midnight it has gathered intensity of brightness and glared about the hearth-stones, wet with the weeping of wives, mothers and children, and bronzed the beauty of earth with the horrid cast of hell. Twisting around the altar of the church, it has wreathed the sweetest flowers that ever attempted to bloom for the adornment of Heaven, and has fed death from the very waters of life; at the very door of Heaven itself, it has glowed with appalling madness and been almost an impassable wall of flame between misery and bliss.

Dripping burning drops of agony into the tenderest depths of writhing souls, they have wailed and wept and hissed unutterable despair, and pleaded with God to blot them from existence forever. This blighting, glowing, burning, damning curse of the world is the demon Intemperance. Language has never been made that can depict it in all its hideousness. Look on that

stack of skeletons that rears its ghastly form—an insult to God—high in the clouds, and shapes the whistling winds into an utterance of withering denunciation of the fiery monster that gnawed and scalded and burned and tore the mangled, bleeding flesh from those bones and tossed them into that revolting pile!

Come, ye writhing, pleading, suffering souls that were robbed of Heaven by this sparkling temper, and cast the black shadow of your wretchedness upon the faces of the living. O graves, give up your bloated, festering millions, and stretch them, in all their rum-scorched ghastliness, over the plains and mountain-tops! Come forth, ye torn, haggard, and bleeding souls, from the time of Noah until to-night. Hold up your bony, withered, skeleton hands, ye countless millions of starved and starving women and children! Come, all the floods of agonizing tears that scorched as the lurid fires of hell where'er they touched, and boil, and blubber, and foam, and hiss in one vast steaming, seething ocean. Come, death and hell and agony, with your harvest, garnered from the still and the brewery, and let us mass them in one black, horrifying portraiture of the damned. And let it tell to the shuddering, trembling souls what language never can.

PAUL DENTON.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

[Colonel Ingersoll was lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language:]

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe, from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almhouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affec-

tion, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almhouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness, and with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villainies; the father of crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE DRAM-DRINKER.

Pray, Mr. Dram-Drinker, how do you do?
What in perdition's the matter with you?
How did you come by that bruise on your head?
Why are your eyes so infernally red?
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn?
Why do you tremble in every limb?

Who has done this? Let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone.
And the dram-drinker said: "If you listen to me,
You shall hear what you hear, and see what you see.

"I had a father—the grave is his bed;
I had a mother—she sleeps with the dead.
Truly I wept when they left me alone;
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone.
I planted a willow, I planted a yew,
And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew.
Fortune was mine; I mounted her car—
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far.
Onward I went, like an avalanche, down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown.

"Fortune was gone, and I took to my side
A young and a lovely and beautiful bride!
Her I entreated with coldness and scorn,
Tarrying back till the break of the morn;
Slighting her kindness and mocking her fears
Casting a blight on her tenderest years!
Sad and neglected and weary I left her;
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her;
Till, like a star when it falls from its pride,
She sunk on the bosom of misery, and died.

"I had a child, and it grew like a vine;
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine;
Fair—and I watched over her innocent youth,
As an angel of Heaven would watch over truth.
She grew like her mother, in feature and form;
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm.
Seventeen summers had shown on her brow,—
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low!
Yonder they sleep, in their graves, side by side—
A father, a mother, a daughter, a bride."

Go to your children, and tell them the tale;
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale;
Tell them his eye was bloodshot and cold;
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold;
Tell them he passed through the world they are in
The victim of sorrow and misery and sin;
Tell them, when life's shameful conflicts were past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last.

J. Otis Rockwell.

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